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The Pacific.

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SPOKES FROM THE HUB.

To make up for want of sufficient variety and attractiveness in these spokes from time to time, the weather has been specially active and varied to extremes during the past few weeks. Because of its severity and results along one line, Professor Genung of Amherst College did not express his "Thoughts on the Study of Literature as an Aid in the Work of the Christian Ministry" at Pilgrim Hall February 20th. Querying whether he could get there in time, he telegraphed by the way to the expectant committee, and the benumbed dispatch was read to the audience a week later, Monday of this week.

In the absence of Professor Genung, the gathering was fortunate in the presence of the veteran, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who told a thrilling tale of missionary life, illustrating, as he said, how God can defeat the most crafty diplomats. To a defiant declaration of one such in Turkey, Dr. Schauffer replied: "The Kingdom of Christ, my Master, will never ask permission of the Czar of all the Russians where it may set its foot."

Snow-coming is as persistent as depravity in Chicago or elsewhere. To the fall of two feet or more during the past week or two, several inches were added last night.

Mr. Cook's 231st lecture was preceded by another "Boston hymn" entitled "Law and Love," beginning—

"Holy Spirit, by thy name
Chaos into order came;
As upon her nest the dove,
Broodest Thou all worlds above;
Thy two wings are Law and Love."

In his prelude he presented the wrongs of the colored race in the South, and said that during President Harrison's administration thirteen colored people have been burned alive in the South. The national law must some way protect the national citizen. Loyal voters must be allowed to cast their ballots and have them counted. He who is not willing to adopt the motto "Liberty or death" in freedom is not free. The solving of the race question here solves it for the world. The nation must aid education. The Negro will never have justice till he is willing to die for his rights. The lecture proper continued the consideration of the Sabbath.

The Continental Sunday is made possible by immigration; by Roman Catholicism; by railroads and the growth of great cities; by the growth of luxury, and the apathy of the rich towards the poor; by different ideas as to the manner of its observance; the separation of families, infidelity, Sunday saloons, Sunday papers and trains to distribute them. Machinery aids in the desecration. Holy day, and not holiday, makes thrifty nations.

The council to dismiss Dr. Griffin and install Rev. W. E. Barton as pastor of Shawmut church is called for Thursday of this week. The great falling-off of attendance at Shawmut church during the past few years is due to various causes; among them too much worldliness, or want of spirituality and devotion in a large per cent. of the members. The better the church the more effective the minister.

After a committee was appointed by the Sons of the Pilgrims, Monday morning, to consider the expediency of a Congregational Exhibit at the World's Fair and co-operation with brethren at Chicago, Rev. Mr. Brodie of Salem gave an excellent address, comparing the Christianity of the present with the spirit and teachings of Christ.

Infidelity no longer tries to discredit the historical facts of Christianity, but seeks to throw contempt on the Church.

It is said that Christ was right, but his professed followers of to-day are all wrong; that were He to come to the world now, he would not identify himself with the Church. We build on Christ, though we have not attained to what we seek. The Church understands the needs of the world, that men need to be reformed from within.

There is much for the Church and more for the world to learn of the mind and spirit and life of Christ; not some other gospel for this age, but the old gospel, more fully understood and put into practice. The disparity of space between that assigned the Catholics and that offered the other denominations was referred to, and Dr. Little said our Exhibit might be so spiritual that we would not need much space. The same subject was before the Congregational Club in the evening after "The Congregational Churches and Their Aged Ministers" were considered.

The prelude of Mr. Cook's lecture this week was preceded by prayer

and another original hymn, heartily sung by the large congregation. His opening sentence was "Satolli is the Pope's echo; * he is here on a still hunt." I was told last summer," said the lecturer, that a leading politician had sent an elaborate protest to the Propaganda at Rome against further attacks on our public schools. Satolli has not abated the demands of the hierarchy. He begins a new school of management. Mounted on the box, he holds the reins and controls the team—one race-r native, the other foreign born. Canon law denies the authority of the State. America cannot be Romanized without being denationalized. There is a Roman Catholic nation in our midst—and here to stay. A great religious struggle may come. I suppose the battle will be between Catholicism and Protestantism. Among the remedies suggested were a constitutional amendment, and the national flag over every public schoolhouse in the land.

Mr. Frank Wood (who is pushing so efficiently and quietly in the affairs of Shawmut church) made an appeal in behalf of a young physician wronged by the injustice and fraud of an Indian agent. And it was half-past one when the lecture commenced on "The Value of the Sabbath to the Workingman." He expressed his disgust at tobacco, and favored the opinion that a man with a rightly-regulated life should live six times as long as the period of his physical growth. Our sacred rest-day is not properly valued, even by the Church. I know I must go hence, and I desire time to ponder the change and look through the window into eternity. More are they that are for us, than those who are against us. Notes of other interesting sayings and events are before me, but what shall I say more?

Of all the lessons of our life,
Whate'er our lot or station,
Not one so great or hard to learn
As this—sweet resignation.

BORAX.
Boston, February 28, 1893.

"MINISTERIAL RELIEF."

DEAR PACIFIC: In the issue of March 1st is a letter on "Ministerial Relief"—a suggestion by W—. It is to be hoped that by the time W— sees his suggestion in print he will be as much ashamed of some of its insinuations as the ministers to whom it is addressed will be. His statements that God helps those that help themselves, and that ministers do not show a spirit of independence, are quite unwarranted and uncalled for. Perhaps he does not know quite as much about the needs as he might. The writer, for one, could show him the families of several aged ministers who, having served faithfully in the church for many years, are now retired and living on the slenderest of incomes. These same men very often contributed to ministerial relief, yet are very loth now to let their own needs be known lest they be considered "dependent." Perhaps W— does not know, either, that the average minister contributes five dollars to this and every other benevolence where the average laymen does one. A certain church report for "benevolences" in 1892 shows a total of about \$100, of which the pastor himself gave nearly one-half, and over fifty members gave the rest. Besides this, he gave as much as the average of his members for "home expenses." This is simply an average case.

No doubt, many of the laity do "find themselves obliged to practice a good deal of self-denial in order to contribute what they desire to these objects." But if all over California the members of our churches would practice "self-denial" in regard to secret societies, with their assessments, banquets, etc.; in regard to unnecessary expenditures for theatres, "style," fine art, table luxuries, and a dozen other things; in fact, if they would really practice self-denial instead of denial to God of his dues from their incomes, they would not find it so hard to contribute to benevolences.

If Brother W— is troubled over the multiplied calls for help in the cause of Christ, let him find assurance, if he can, in the certainty that all such calls are worthy because "in the cause of Christ," and are not likely to decrease any. Just go and have a confidential talk with your pastor, brother, and perhaps he may change your views a little. They need it. As to the last question in the article under fire, we say, "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

On April 6, 1893, John Greenwood and Henry Barrowe were executed. John Penry was executed on May 29th of that year. These were the last three Congregational martyrs who suffered death.

LETTER FROM JAPAN.

In the Japan Daily Mail for January 31st is given a monthly summary from the religious press. From these extracts may be gathered a very good idea of the present condition of Christianity in this country.

In the first place it says, "The Christian writers, almost without exception, are buoyant as they review the year, while the Buddhists are, as a rule, hopeless, combative and complaining."

The orthodox Christians mark the year 1892 as the beginning of a Christian revival. They see the conservative reaction in the nation losing force. They think that the rationalistic wave that for a time threatened disaster has lost its power. The liberal tendency is reported as checked, and churches consolidated. Religious and moral questions have aroused general interest. The problem of popular education has evoked healthy criticism of public morals. There were harmonious and promising issues to the various denominational Conferences. Passivity in the churches has given way to activity. Practical work has supplanted theological discussion. The skeptical era has not yet passed, but "the light of a new age is shining in the heavens."

In a series of articles by the Rev. Mr. Yokoi, on the "Ethico-Religious Regeneration" of Japan, the writer says: "Although many forms of religion exist in the world, Christianity is evidently destined to lead among them, and at length conquer all. Numbers are no guarantee of victory. Organization and methods of work are of chief importance. In these sources of power, Christianity is far superior to any other religion. In its aggressive literature and by its missionaries, it is taking possession of the world. Its entrance into Oriental civilization is, of course, very difficult; but its advance cannot be long withstood."

"Japan is a great country, but it is not great enough to resist successfully a world movement. Jesus Christ has become the symbol of all that is noble and beneficent in modern civilization. The charities, the social reforms, such aims as those of the international peace societies, of the Red Cross Society, of temperance organizations and the like, owe their initiation and support to Christians. In the revival of the nationality of Japan, then, let the work be done in the name of Christ."

"In Japan, Christianity is still small in the number of its adherents; but it should be observed that Christians are having a more and more decided influence upon society. There is much antagonism to Christianity, certainly, but Buddhism is practically ruined, and Confucianism is only literature."

"Many writers are now devoting much attention to the social and political needs of the empire. Many are urging the establishment of ethical codes, and the invigoration of patriotism."

"But appeals on behalf of ethics and patriotism are not enough. In the present temper of a large part of the nation, the wish to have a clear reason for what we do is dominant. Why should we be patriotic? Why loyal? Why moral? Unless satisfactory answers can be given to these questions, we are not inclined to listen to our advisers. Christianity alone can give such answers."

"National greatness is not to be gained for ourselves alone, but that we may be enabled by our power and truth to help and to enlighten other peoples. God has given us fathers and kings; it is God's will that we should love and serve them."

"A fundamental revolution is now needed. There is a desire prevalent to reform politics, education, law, commerce and literature. Our people are eager to make this nation the equal of America or England. No one thinks that Japan is without need of a great reformation, but we should have to be exceedingly active to pass in a generation the distance made in the West in five centuries."

"Before we can reach the end aimed at, we must purify the source of all our doings. An ethico-religious regeneration is the demand. This is not one of many regenerations, but is the source of all true reform and progress. So long as this regeneration is not made, all attempts to better the present condition will fail. To-day, in a word, demands decision. We should resolutely face the necessity and accept it—give up Buddhism and Confucianism, and adopt Christianity."

"The hour of a second revolution for Japan has come. Religion and morality must be regenerated. Now is no time of peace or order. Confucianism is abroad, and preachers of

Christianity should prepare for their work with this fact in mind.

"When Buddhism was first brought to this country its victory was easy. There was no established religion to confront it. When Confucianism appeared it had to deal with an uncultured people. But Japan holds a civilized people. This nation, it is admitted, is, in some relations, inferior to the peoples of the West; but in many things it has reached a high degree of civilization. In religious thought it is profound; skeptical speculations are widely influential; in politeness and social graces, generally, it has a refined and complex life."

"Our task is very difficult. The work of the last twenty years in the Japanese Christian churches is like the play of childhood. These churches must be cared for, but we must look to a far greater future. We must not be content to go on as we have been going. Like Alexander the Great, we must give up our small successes, and go ahead, led by a great hope. Our work must be more complete than even that of Paul."

In reference to the Buddhist papers it says: "The Buddhists have been aroused to great activity lately. We can not say that there is much evidence of hopeful activity among them. They are, as a rule, pessimistic, querulous, exacting, under a memory of ancient privileges, and are determined, if possible, to stop the progress of Christianity. One of their papers demands that the Buddhist rites shall be revived in the Imperial household. It also admonishes the students at the Unitarian school that their form of Christianity is only ornamenting itself with the doctrines of other religions, and really is but a Christian reformation. Its professed belief in the sympathy of religions is not sincere. The students are to be pitied, not blamed."

One Buddhist writer sees but little light for anything anywhere. The annual retrospect is like a look into a ravine, whose gloom is dense, and whose dangers are horrible to remember." His lament reads as follows: "The light of morality is gone, the nation's spirit is corrupt. All are conspiring to ruin the country. The national destruction has already begun. Can not Diogenes find one man?"

Another writer is somewhat more sanguine, and says: "In uncivilized lands, and in remote ages, Christianity conquered wherever it went; but the defects of Christianity should, in the present age, be replaced or supplemented by the excellences of Buddhism." The author then goes on to exalt Christ as the world's moral teacher. "It is the glory of mankind," he says, "that Jesus of Nazareth liveth. Much that Christ taught will never decay. Sometimes the wonder arises, Did Christ's teaching come from man or from above man? So rich in feeling was he as to weep; so minute in observation was he as a woman; as keen as lightning in the flashes of his soul. Every word, every phrase, of Christ should influence us. In the four gospels the noblest and wisest morality of the world appears, so simple is it, so easily understood and applied. 'Love God and love man,' as central principles, suffice to regenerate society and lead man to heaven. Christ's character and teachings stand forever."

And this from a Buddhist! What may we not expect after such a confession? H. LOOMIS.
YOKOHAMA, Japan, Feb. 6, 1893.

THE APOSTLES' CREED AND THE BIBLE.

Strictures of Rev. William Rader.

BY REV. H. L. HAMMOND.

[This article was found among Mr. Hammond's papers after his death, which occurred so suddenly March 3d.]

DEAR PACIFIC: When your issue of February 15th reached me, I was struggling in the grasp of disease, scarcely knowing whether I should have anything more to do with earthly discussions. Having gained a respite, I wish to say a little in response to Rev. William Rader's strictures of that date. Early in his article he appeals to the "shades of the fathers." As I know little of those shades or any other ghosts, I prefer to keep the discussion in broad daylight, according to the advice of the old prophet—"Should not a people seek unto their God?" On behalf of the "living" should they seek unto the "dead"?

This discussion concerns the so-called "Apostles' Creed," its relations to the Bible, and its value to living men. The document is:

"I. I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

"2. And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord;

"3. Who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary.

"4. Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into hell (hades);

"5. The third day He rose from the dead;

"6. He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty;

"7. From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

"8. I believe in the Holy Ghost;

"9. The Holy Catholic Church; the communion of saints;

"10. The forgiveness of sins;

"11. The resurrection of the body.

"12. And the life everlasting."

Let it stand there for reference. I have charged that this formula, constantly repeated as the creed of the Catholic Church for the last thousand years, has obscured the light of the Bible. Mr. Rader takes exception to my position through nearly two columns. It does not seem necessary for me to follow him through them. I will only consider one question, which seems to cover the whole case. He asks: "From whence came the doctrinal substance of the symbol—from Homer, or Mohammed, or Socrates, from profane or sacred literature?" A most pertinent question, truly, and one to which the "Creed" gives no answer! It names no Bible, no sacred Scriptures, no inspired writers. It gives no hint that there are any. Look through all the twelve sentences of the formula. Is there a word there, or any phrase that can by any possibility be made to mean the Bible? Not one. It ignores the sacred volume as completely as if there were none in existence. However many or beautiful the truths it contained, the written Word gets no credit for them. This proves exactly what I have charged. If the design of the Creed had been to turn away man's thought entirely from the sacred book, what could it have done more than to utterly ignore its very existence. The more of its truths it flitches and gives to the world without credit the worse.

This proves my accusation completely. What more need be said on the matter in dispute between Mr. Rader and me?

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

Home missionary work seems to be one of the most absorbing themes of Congregationalism at this time. Religious interest is awakening almost everywhere, calls for laborers to occupy new fields are coming from every quarter, and the demands are so pressing for the expansion of our work as to suggest the dawning of the Millennium, while the churches are not ready to go out to meet the Bridegroom. For we are told that funds are low in our treasuries, and the order comes from headquarters, "No more new territory," while District and State Committees are at their wits' ends to know what it is best to do. Please allow a suggestion from a humble source:

There are churches established in flourishing communities that have been carried by the American Home Missionary Society for many years—ever since their organization; and they have gotten to think that that kind mother who helped them so liberally in the beginning, and has carried them so long, will continue to give them a liberal annuity; while, on the other hand, these same churches do not make any special effort to reimburse the Society to any considerable extent for the money they have gotten. Is it any wonder, then, that such churches are not in better spiritual health? We once heard of a man who taught his boys to swim in the following manner: He would take one at a time on his back and swim out into deep water; then turning his head toward shore, would throw the little fellow off his back, and say to him, "Now, swim for your life." We think the spiritual life of some of our weak churches that ought to have assumed self-support years ago needs similar merciful treatment. This "charity that begins at home" ought to begin to do something at home more than it has been doing.

The two churches included in our missionary field have been declining for years, and the minister's salary growing less; yet, last year, the State Committee reduced their appropriation to this work fifty dollars. But the Lord will more than make it up; and we propose, if other churches as favorably situated as we are will do likewise, and the State Committee see proper to make another reduction of one hundred dollars next year in the interest of "new territory," we are willing. We need more consecration in the ministry; more consecra-

tion to God in the laity; more trust in God for temporal blessings as well as spiritual. "Then will we teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee."

HOME MISSIONARY.

MEETING OF SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS IN BOSTON.

BY HON. JOHN EATON.

The recent meeting of the Department of Superintendents of the National Educational Association will long be remembered by those in attendance. It occurred in the midst of the deepest snowfall of the season, and furnished a good illustration of how Yankees handle a great snowstorm, and of how triumphant the Boston electrical cars are over the deepest snows and severest storms.

The attendance was large and representative, Superintendents coming from Colorado, Minnesota, Iowa and Louisiana, as well as intermediate States. This, more, perhaps, than other departments of the Association, deals with the rugged issues of education, and covers a greater variety of educational topics.

One day they met in the halls of Harvard University, and were furnished dinner and tea by the University, and thus had an opportunity of gaining some notion of the greatness of this ancient seat of learning. They were specially interested in the fact that President Eliot and some four of the faculty are giving special attention to the effort now made in the Cambridge public schools to save waste of time by better teaching in the elementary and grammar schools, and by advancing the pupils according to their fitness, and not by the time they have been enrolled in school. The University faculty are giving the teachers special instruction in geography, elementary mathematics, etc.

The University and public school could everywhere be thus united, to the advantage of both. It should be remembered that Harvard has at last joined those colleges and universities who give their students instruction in pedagogics.

The authors' reception, given by the publishers at the Vendome, was specially notable. After the repast, a dozen or so of the most eminent Boston authors were introduced to the Superintendents. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Nestor of the group of authors, though feeble, was present, and was lead into a most entertaining talk, witty as usual, and ending with the following poem. It appeared that he was not informed of the character of the occasion until a few hours before. Looking at the programme, said he: "It showed me I had been mistaken in thinking I could get up and utter a few idle words. There was only one refuge for me, and that was the old one (a poem). But think of it; not one word, not one thought of that was in my head before 10:30 o'clock to-day."

"There are things in literature christened impromptus, the authenticity of which I must be permitted to doubt. I am inclined to think a good many impromptus have cost many sleepless days."

THE POEM.

Teacher of teachers, yours the task,
Noblest that noble minds can ask.
High up Ionia's murmurous mount
To watch, to guard the sacred fount
That feeds the stream below;
To guide the hurrying flood that fills
A thousand silvery rippling rills
In ever widening flow.

Rich is the harvest from the fields
That bounteous nature kindly yields;
But fairer growths enrich the soil,
Plowed deep by thoughts and weared toil
In learning's broad domain.
And where the leaves, the flowers, the fruits,
Without your watering at the roots,
To fill each branching plant?

Welcome the author's firmest friends,
Your voice the surest godspeed sends.
Of you the growing mind demands
The patient care, the guiding hands
Through all the mists of morn.
You, knowing well the future's need,
Your present wisdom sows the seed
To fill the years unborn.

After the papers and debates of the evening, another reception was tendered them by Mrs. Hemenway in the hall of her Normal School for Physical Culture. Here they saw the latest improvement in adjustable seats, and in appliances for the training of teachers of physical culture, and met Mrs. Hemenway and Miss Homans, her chief helper; Dr. Harris, the able Commissioner of Education, and his wife, and others. The papers and debates will be printed in full. The meeting next winter is to be in Richmond, Va. The growth of these meetings is a fair indication of the advance of educational thought and activity.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb., 1893.

Twenty-nine united with the First church, Jackson, Mich., March 5th.

Home Missions.

Christ's cross is the sweetest burden that ever I bore. It is such burden as wings are to a bird, or sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my harbor.—S. Rutherford.

LITTLE WI-YU.

And who is "Wi-yu"? If any of our readers have adopted my suggestion a few weeks since and procured Mrs. Caswell's book, "Our Life Among the Iroquois," they may remember the story found on page 129 of that book. A letter received from Mrs. Caswell recently tells of a very remarkable incident connected with that story. Mrs. Caswell says of it: "It is the very simplest story in the world, of how a little Indian child came to Christ and entered into the divine service. I wrote it up for *The Home Missionary*. About two years afterward a man in Brooklyn, passing along the sidewalk on his way to the bridge to come over to New York, found a leaf of *The Home Missionary* in an ash-barrel by the side of the street. It was the leaf containing the story of Wi-yu. It was so torn that it gave him no clue to the magazine. After he had read it on the bridge car he passed it to a very rich New York gentleman sitting beside him who became interested in it, and said to this man, 'If you will get that little story put into a leaflet I will foot the bill.' The man attended to this at once, and circulated 5,000 of the little leaflets around in the slums of New York. After this they got out several editions—the rich man paying all the bills—distributed it among sailors, and put it on shipboard. It went to Cuba and other ports. One day a copy came under the notice of the American Tract Society. They traced it back to this man who found it in the ash barrel, and asked him who wrote it. He had not the slightest idea, but he said he would try and find out. He wrote letters all over the country to different people interested in Indians and failed to find the author. He sent one letter to the Indian Association in Boston, which happened to be seen by Treasurer Palmer of the Home Missionary Society. He said he had a friend who was interested in the Indians, and perhaps she could help him find the author of the little story, and referred the man to me. He came at once into the Bible House, and told me what I have told you, asking me to help him find the authorship. I can assure you I was very much astonished to see my own 'brain bairn' in this form, and showed him the *Home Missionary Magazine*, and told him that the story had been published in that. He never shall forget the man's face as he told me, with tears in his eyes, that hundreds of children and young people and sailors had been led to Christ by that little story, and that it had been translated into other languages, and now the Tract Society wanted it."

We earnestly hope this incident may stimulate the sale of Mrs. Caswell's book, a copy of which ought to be in every one of our churches to give fresh impulse to what is now home missionary work. The Indian is just as needy, just as hopeful and responsive to loving help to-day as thirty years ago. He is in California, Oregon and Washington, as well as farther East, and is everywhere in the United States a citizen, to be educated not only by the Government, but to be made by our efforts a *Christian citizen*. Please read in the *Christian Union* for February 18, 1893, on page 314, what these Iroquois are to-day. Send to Miss C. M. Palmer, 600 Seventeenth street, Oakland, for "Our Life Among the Iroquois."

Mrs. M. L. MERRITT.

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

Our California Woman's Home Missionary Society esteems it a privilege to fall into line with the other State Unions in observing the week before Easter as a self-denial week.

We give here a few Bible verses as a keynote for each day's self-denial. Let us pray that we may come together in our several churches on Friday, March 31st, so enriched in our own hearts that the windows of heaven must be opened to pour us out a blessing!

Sunday, March 26th.—We are told that the harvest in many of our neglected counties in California is "dead ripe" waiting for the reapers. (Matt. ix: 36, 37, 38.)

Monday.—Have we any responsibility for the laborers? (Romans x: 14, 15.)

Tuesday.—If we send the laborers we may have to deny ourselves. (Matt. xvi: 24.)

Wednesday.—But there is a reward. (Luke vi: 38; Acts xx: 35; Psalm xxxvii: 3, 4; Psalm xli: 1, 2, 3.)

Thursday.—Both harvest and reward will be proportioned to the sowing. (II Corinthians ix: 6.)

Friday.—The King's business requires haste. (Luke ii: 49; John ix: 4; Ecclesiastes ix: 10.)

P. O. Box 202, Pacific Grove.

Mr. Edward F. Searles, who married the widow of Mark Hopkins, and inherited her millions, will erect for Bowdoin College the finest building for the study of the sciences in this country.

Woman's Board of the Pacific.

OUR MARCH MEETING.

This was held in Plymouth Church, San Francisco, with a good attendance and general enthusiasm. After the usual opening exercises, the reports of Mrs. S. S. Smith, Recording Secretary, and Mrs. R. E. Cole, Treasurer, were read. Mrs. Dwinell stated the condition of the Columbia Bugle-call Fund, making an appeal for extra dollar and extra twenty-five-dollar subscriptions. Several names were then added to the dollar list, and one to the twenty-five-dollar list. Mrs. W. J. Wilcox reported on behalf of the leaflet committee, that the leaflets "Two Sunny Hearts" and "Little Gatekeepers," had been distributed—packages sent to the various branches and auxiliaries; she also gave copies to each of the ladies present. It is hoped good use will be made of these valuable little leaflets by all in possession of them. Hand them to such of your friends as are not interested in missions. They are written by Mrs. Arthur H. Smith of China, and, you may know, are not dull reading. They are entitled to a wide circulation. Large numbers of them will soon be ready, and auxiliaries desiring them, by addressing Mrs. Farnum, Fruitvale, can be supplied.

Mr. F. B. Pullan read from a letter by Mrs. Avery, the Secretary of our Washington Branch, concerning the plan for mission work in the First Church, Tacoma. The ladies are divided into bands, each band being assigned some one mission field in which our Board is interested. Each band prepares the programme for some one meeting. The idea is a very suggestive one. If carried out with enthusiasm, most interesting meetings must be the result.

We had expected Mrs. Gulick of Japan, and Miss Wilson, soon to go to Micronesia, but were disappointed in this. However, several interesting letters from and about our missionaries gave us a full programme. Interest culminated in the reading, by Mrs. McLean, of a thrilling letter from Mrs. Gulick of Spain. Four of the graduates from our school had recently received prizes at a formal government examination, after a competitive examination. As these girls went forward to receive their well-earned prizes, the college students, all boys, plainly showed their disappointment—at first by profound silence, later by hisses. They were at once and publicly reprimanded by the senior director, who said: "For thirty years he had worn the academical robes, and never before had he had occasion to blush for the conduct of his students."

Mrs. R. C. Pike was present, and, by request, told us of the plan of her sister, formerly Miss Etta West of Oorfa, Turkey. She and her husband, Mr. Arrudarian, who is a graduate of Aintab College, Turkey, are studying theology at Oberlin. They plan to return to Turkey, to labor for the salvation of the Armenian race by the education of the boys.

A recent letter from Miss Gunnison speaks of an attendance of forty pupils, of whom eighteen are boarders. "This increase of numbers would have been an impossibility in the old building. Thus God is using our new building as a means of blessing the school. About twenty-two of our girls are regular attendants at church, and two weeks ago we had thirty-five at our weekly prayer-meeting. Last week thirty were present. Nearly all attend the daily opening exercises, consisting of singing, prayer, reading of the Bible, and a talk on some moral or religious subject."

Other letters from missionaries in Japan speak of various exhibitions of indifference, not to say unfriendliness, on the part of the Japanese. This is certainly a critical time in the history of missions in Japan; but the power of the Spirit can and will give guidance, wisdom, and discretion to our workers in the field, and overrule apparently adverse circumstances, making all tributary to his glory. Our next meeting will be held at the First Congregational Church, Oakland.

BARREL OPENING.

[This proved to be a festive occasion at Pilgrim church, East Oakland, judging from the following account, and in the interest of missions! Six months of open-mouthed barrels, and \$108 in the missionary treasury! Can we not have more barrels?] Ninety pretty gilded barrels with appropriate labels had been given out by the Ladies' Missionary Society just six months ago. On the label was "To be opened March 1st." Consequently, on the evening of March 1st, Wednesday evening, ladies, and even gentlemen, could be seen wending their way to the chapel with their barrel in hand. Printed invitations, in addition to the customary pulpit notices, had been sent to every person holding a barrel, with a number to put inside. Preparations had been made for more than double the number of persons usually attending prayer-meeting. It was well that this had been done, for both rooms were filled with barrel-holders and their friends.

The barrels were left at the door as people entered, and then taken to the study, where the contents were counted and placed opposite the number in the barrel.

The exercises of the evening were entirely missionary in their character. First, an interesting address by our pastor, speaking of the missionary work done by women in Bible times. Next, papers by Mrs. Farnum and Mrs. Wilcox—the former presenting the *Home Missionary* work, and the latter the *Foreign*. Then came a pleasing feature of the evening given by ten of "The Wide Awakes"—Mrs. Wilcox's missionary band. They came marching in, singing "Only a Standard Bearer." They were dressed in white, and each carried a white banner with a large letter on it. As they told us in their recitation, this letter represented the country of which each spoke. These ten countries are the ones in which all the work of the American Board is done. (For the help of any who may be planning for children's missionary entertainments, I would say that this pretty and useful exercise can be found in the February number of the *Day Spring*, under the title of "Ma's Cat Jim.")

The children marched out of the room singing as they had come in. Our President, Mrs. Silcox, gave a very appropriate reading as to the different uses which people make of the mite-barrel. She then called on Dr. Wilcox to report the amounts received from each barrel. He did so, and every one was delighted with the result—one hundred and eight dollars received, and fifteen barrels not returned. This money is to be divided between home and foreign missions.

The evening was a very enjoyable one, and gave great pleasure to all who had helped to make it so by the use of the tiny barrel. Each was anxious to find what the contents of his own was, and there was great disappointment if the number had been lost, so it could not be identified. If you want a real enthusiastic missionary in your church, just try a "Barrel Opening."

CHILDREN'S MEETING AT ALBANY, N. Y.
HELD BY REV. E. F. HAMMOND.
Rev. J. F. Elder, D. D., pastor of the Calvary church, Albany, N. Y., invited Mr. Hammond to hold a children's meeting in his church Sabbath afternoon, February 5th, and preach in the evening. On the Friday evening previous, the pastor had urged the subject of personal Christian work, and called a meeting at his own church of Christian workers from all the churches to meet Mr. Hammond on Saturday evening. At this meeting large plans were laid, by which many children were to be invited through personal calls on their Sunday-school Superintendents.

These plans secured a large and well-equipped auditorium, filled with children, with a worker in the end of each pew.

Dr. Elder opened the meeting proper with a word of welcome to the Sabbath-schools which had accepted his invitation. Then Mr. Hammond began his address. The subject of sin was made prominent, and then Jesus, as the crucified Saviour, was held up. Finally, the whole audience was led in a simple prayer, sentence by sentence, repeating it after Mr. Hammond, closing with—

"Jesus, take this heart of mine,
Make it pure and wholly thine;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for thee."

Then began the second meeting, an inquiry meeting, and in this was seen the benefit of system in the preparation. Each child was personally spoken with, and many were prayed with. After a suitable time, opportunity was given to as many as felt that they had accepted Christ to give expression to this by gathering around the organ to sing, and in response to this invitation the great and blessed answer to prayer was seen.

Every older Christian had been instructed to allow no child to give such expression who did not first give evidence of repentance of sin and faith in Christ. A minister said he spoke with each of six girls about fifteen years of age in one pew; all acknowledged themselves sinners. "Well, are you ready to accept Christ?" he said to one. "Yes sir." Then he asked the next, and so on. He said aloud, "Here is a seaful who accept Christ." Pastor and parents, teachers and superintendents, recognized often their own children in the pew, and with tears of joy heard the answer, "I accept Jesus as my Saviour." This is giving examples of the kind of work done.

A lady in the Monday morning prayer-meeting described the inquiry meeting as a Pentecostal outpouring. Another said it was wonderful. Still another, "The windows of heaven were opened."

My pencil can but tamely tell the story of that Sabbath afternoon in Calvary church. Mr. Hammond preached at night to a full house, and after sermon conducted an inquiry meeting, which did not close until nearly eleven o'clock. Two mothers, one after the other, said, between the tears of joy, "My daughter came to Christ this afternoon, and my son has come to Christ tonight." A father said: "Why should I not rejoice? My son has just said

he accepts Christ." Many others, parents, superintendents and teachers, added like testimony, and it came with the emphasis of joyful exclamation impossible to describe. Dr. Elder said the simple fact that the congregation and so many impenitent souls had waited to be spoken with, and were still remaining at this late hour, half-past ten, for religious conversation, was an indication of the presence of the Holy Spirit.—*Evangelist.*

"ALL ALONG O' LOSIN' THEM THREE YEARS."

BY ALICE G. HOWARD.

In Kate Douglas Wiggin's beautiful "Story of Patsy," we have a touching recital of the sorrows of a child who "lost three years," and became dwarfed, through a fall. Our tears readily flow for him. Then, why not for the dwarfed and suffering souls around us? Why not, for those who are behind their age in experience? "All along o' losin' them three years" many a soul needs tender expanding. When Patsy was asked, "How could you lose three years?" he replied: "I lost 'em on the back stairs, don't yer know. My father, he got fightin' mad when he was drunk, and pitched me down two flights of 'em, and my back was most clean broke in two, so I couldn't git out o' bed forever till just now." Some are thrown down stairs, some fall down stairs, some are hindered from mounting the stairs, and "them three years" are lost. It is easier to see the hump on a neighbor's back than to try to remedy it. It is easier to see the hump on a neighbor's back than on one's own. "All along o' them three years" we all need compassionate judgment. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Many a backward soul stays hungry, while we "have enough and to spare"; and many times we look on, unmoved, at those who strive in vain to "fill themselves with husks." If they choose to "feed with swine," why should we trouble ourselves with their lost years? Alas, for us, if God did not consider ours! "All along o' them three years" the prodigal needs our love, the feeble our help, the ignorant our patient instruction. "All along o' them three years" we all need to walk humbly with our God, seeking that "allowance" for ourselves and others which Patsy was so sure could be had for the asking.

BERKELEY, CAL.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL FIELD NOTES.
Quite a number of our Sunday-school Superintendents, who are not in a position to leave home and attend a training-school, have joined the correspondence department of the Springfield school for Christian workers. "Seminary Extension," as here applied, is a grand success.

The course covers two years of forty weeks each, and the tuition has heretofore been \$10.80. But with the beginning of this year, in order that the splendid benefits of this correspondence school may be extended to as many Sunday-school workers as possible, the tuition fee has been reduced one-half, or to \$5.40 per year. Five or more young people may form a class, and meeting weekly, can study the same lesson at an expense of one dollar each for forty weeks' instruction in Sunday-school and Christian methods and work.

Every Sunday-school should have such a class in training. Address Mr. Geo. W. Pease, Springfield, Mass. The First Church, Oakland, has set a commendable example in placing on sale, with the pastor's assistance, twenty-five of the most helpful and important books published by the C. S. S. & P. S., such as the "Model Sunday-school," "Service in the King's Guard," Mrs. Caswell's "Life Among the Iroquois Indians," etc. Any church may have the same privilege.

It is sometimes asserted, by way of excuse for not supporting missionaries in needy regions, that their labors are not appreciated by those to whom they go. This is not true of the lady from Shasta County who called upon me the other day, and offered to give house rent and coal free, and pay twenty dollars a month beside, to any missionary who would go to her little town, where not even a Sunday-school exists. There are fifty other places in that country just as needy.

The California Bible Society has very kindly granted me a number of new Bibles for distribution. Last week I received eighteen requests by mail from little children, asking that they might each have a Bible of their own. L. L. W.

NO CHRISTIAN WORKER FOR TEN YEARS.
—I met a lady a few days ago who plead with me to come and help establish a Sunday-school, and commence work in the community where she lived. She had lived there nearly ten years, and no Christian worker had come to help them. My heart ached for them, but with the pressure of work upon me I did not see how I could go there. The very next day I met another similar case and still could do nothing. The opportunities are opening on every side, and one can only do a little of the work that might be done. May God's people be roused to do more in his service!—*Superintendent E. H. Stuckney, North Dakota.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, MARCH 19. PROV. XXIII: 15-23.

Timely Admonitions.

BY REV. C. W. HILL.

Golden Text.—"And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." (Eph. v: 18.)

The character of the book from which this lesson is selected may be more appropriately discussed in lesson five of the next quarter. Its genuineness is established by higher authority. Its place in the divine canon rests on the attestation of Christ and his apostles. It is a book of practical wisdom, full of maxims which go to the depths of man's moral nature, and are calculated to elevate and ennoble his life.

The present lesson contains a series of admonitions, as if addressed to a son or pupil; each topic occupying two or more verses—

"15. My son, if thine heart be wise, my heart shall be glad, even mine."

"16. Yea, my reins shall rejoice when thy lips speak right things."

It is wisdom of the heart rather than of the intellect which is here craved. The root principle of rationalism is to rely on the understanding, as if to illuminate the mind would cause sin to disappear. But as Paul has said, "The world by wisdom knew not God." The heart is the organ of spiritual knowledge. It is not true that a clear intellect will give one a right heart, but, as Robertson has well said, "a right heart and a pure life will clarify the intellect." The "reins" are spoken of as the seat of the emotions, as the heart is of the affections.

"17. Let not thine heart envy sinners. But be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long."

"18. For surely there is a reward, and thy hope shall not be cut off."

Not only did Socrates affirm that the most troublesome thing to good men was "the prosperity of the wicked," but even the Psalmist declared that he was envious when he saw their prosperity. (Ps. lxxiii: 3.) Calvin quotes the story of Dionysius the Less, who, having sacrilegiously plundered the temple, and having sailed safely home, said, "Do you see that the gods smile upon sacrilege?" The seeming prosperity of the wicked often excites the envy of good men; but that prosperity is more apparent than real; for our author says, in another place (Prov. xiii: 15)—"The way of transgressors is hard." Not only is there disaster at the end of the way, but the way itself is hard. People are often deceived into the belief that the way is easy. And transgressors hope to enjoy the way and avoid the end. When men asked Louis XV where he supposed his way of governing France would come out, he said, "After us the deluge." But when they asked him why he kept on with the deluge before him, he said: "Oh, this thing will last through our time! Transgressors will often grant that the consequences may be bad, but the consequences are in the future, or possibly there is no future, or at best we know but little about the future; so they will live for the present. Now, it happens that the disaster of sin is not solely at the end; it is near the beginning, and in the middle, and all along the way. It makes 'youth a blunder, manhood a struggle, and old age a regret.' Conscience goes crying and struggling with a pain which is only too sure a foretaste of the pangs of hell. They who are 'in the fear of the Lord all the day long' have no cause to envy sinners—

"19. Hear thou, my son, and be wise; and guide thine heart in the way."

"20. Be not among wine-bibbers; among gluttonous eaters of flesh."

"21. For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."

We are here warned against intemperance in drinking and intemperance in eating. Many suffer more from hard eating than from hard drinking. There may be intemperance in the quantity of food, or in the quality of the food, or in the time of eating. In some cases the glutton is quite as contemptible as the drunkard. While we condemn intemperance in drinking, let us inquire whether we are perfectly temperate eaters, and thereby entitled to cast the first stone, "for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness (from either cause) shall clothe a man with rags."

Daniel, in the court of Babylon, obeyed both these injunctions. He "purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank; and in so doing he demonstrated to all the world the physical, mental and spiritual effects of temperance. Physically, his countenance was "fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat of the king's meat." Mentally, "he was ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in his realm." Spiritually, the window in his soul was open toward God. Over that window intemperance would have drawn the shutter down and shut out every heavenly vision.

"22. Harken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old."

Honor gray-headed people, and revere gray-headed truth.

"23. Buy the truth, and sell it not. Yea, wisdom and instruction and understanding." Truth may be defined as the exact agreement between things as conceived in the mind, and the things themselves. The search after truth is the endeavor to arrive at such convictions regarding things as shall accord with the nature of the things themselves. The last verse urges us to obtain such convictions at any sacrifice, and keep them under every temptation. This is important respecting truth of any kind; how much more of religious truth! "Buy the truth." It may cost hard study; it may cost our prejudices and opinions—buy the truth at any cost, and sell it not. Having obtained such convictions at such a cost, we ought to keep them at whatever sacrifice. As far back as the date of this lesson, it would seem that people were in danger of selling their convictions. In this day, also, that danger is great. Some sell their convictions for favorable opinions. Wishing to avoid singularity, they yield to the customs of the time and place. Some sell for money, counting riches the chief good, like the Vicar in Bray, who changed his creed with every change in the

monarchy. Many in our time overlay their convictions by covetousness, asking not, "Is it true?" but, "Will it pay?" The pearl of great price is cheaply bought if we sell all that we have to possess it.

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Home Circle.

Winter.

"Summer and winter shall not cease."

Say, why does God send winter
And all its dreary hours?
Why does he strip the forests,
And bury all the flowers?

We know he has good reason,
For he does all things well,
Though foolish human wisdom
That reason cannot tell.

All dark and pain show goodness,
For God is always love,
Both here in earth's drear winter,
And Paradise above.

'Tis wisest just to trust him,
'Tis happiest to adore,
And when his ways distress us,
To trust him but the more.
—Benjamin Waugh.

GROCERY "TASTERS."

PICKING AND STRAINING EXEMPLIFIED.

There is a peculiar temptation which comes to housekeepers, and through them "passes on" in a pernicious way, which I can best indicate and illustrate by a pathetic little incident of my childhood. My gentle, just mother was dead, and I was cared for by a housekeeper who meant to be "just," but was uncultivated, indiscriminating, and "hard." One Saturday evening I went to the grocery store with her. I remember that it was crowded, clerks were busy, and we had to wait a good while. I watched the people, and saw that the ladies moved about here and there, tasting this and that, sometimes by themselves, and sometimes while the clerk was taking their order.

My companion talked with one and another friend; and so I, a trust-worthy child, was allowed to wander about without close watching. I, too, tasted this and that, and enjoyed it, with no sense of doing wrong. At last I went up to a bin of nuts and took a little handful—eight, perhaps—and put them into my pocket. Soon after we went home.

As soon as we got there I called my younger sister, got a hammer and flatiron, and boldly sat down to crack my nuts. The sound brought our nurse.

"Where did you get those nuts?" she said.

"Out of the bin at the store."

"Did the grocer give them to you?"

In spite of this "easy way out" which my quick little mind saw, I honestly replied, "No; I took them."

"You bad, wicked child! Don't you know you are a thief?"

"No; I ain't a thief—everybody takes things!"

"Everybody takes things? Hear the child! What do you mean?"

"Why," I said, "I saw all the ladies going around tasting things. And the man saw them, too, and he didn't say a word!"

This was a "poser" for her, but she went on, "Did the man see you take those nuts?"

"No."

"Did you see any of the ladies take a handful of nuts?"

"No." (How was I to know, poor child, that perhaps it was only because they did not wish for nuts!)

"Then you are a thief. Give me those nuts, and on Monday morning you will go to the store with me, put those nuts back, and tell the grocer that you are sorry you stole them, and will never do so any more."

I knew she would be "as good as her word," and my sensitive little heart and mind suffered agony through the long time intervening.

Of course, the grocer made light of it; but that did not take away the hurt.

Where did the wrong come in, for there was a wrong? Not in the child's action, but in three other ways: First, in the unnecessary, self-indulgent tasting of the ladies; second, in the failure of the nurse to explain to me that there must be some tasting done by buyers which is right, while all the rest is wrong; and third, when she did find out what led me to take those nuts, she should have told me my mistake, taken the nuts from me to impress the lesson and prevent my profiting by a possible future "mistake" less innocent, and not have treated me as a common thief, and oblige me to thus stamp myself to the world—for it did reach all of my small "world."

I was only one child; but housekeepers, to whom I write, there are hundreds of children about you to whom you are setting the example. They, too, may make a "mistake."

The mistake is a pleasant one, and correct correction is repeated, perhaps. Soon, in some way, for children's intuitions are keen, they find out it is not right; but ninety-nine children out of every hundred will go on with the "tasting" when everything makes it so easy to do so.

Grocers do not like to reprove the children of their customers any more than they like to reprove the customers; but ask your grocer how he feels about this matter, and what are his losses. He need make no effort to recall an instance; and, if he is not busy, you will draw down upon yourself, by your questions, such a shower of illustrations that you will wonder he ever leaves even eggs or turnips open to "tasters."

In the language of the English Prayerbook, "Keep my hands from picking," lest, very soon, if honest with ourselves, we need to finish the clause, and say, "Keep my hands from picking and stealing."

For your own sake, for the sake of the grocers at whose expense you indulge yourselves, but, above all, for the sake of the children to whom this tasting may be only a "beginning," a taking-off of the fine edge of honor, I beg of those who do the buying for the table to be careful, and at the same time shed an influence for good or evil in a way that may spread farther than we can guess or know.—Good Housekeeping.

HINTS TO THOSE WHO LEAD IN PRAYER.

1. When called upon to pray, don't preach, exhort, administer rebukes to sinners or sinners, but pray! Prayer, as defined by Dr. Watts, is "the expression of desire, with confession and thanksgiving."

2. Don't seek for fine expressions or strain after sounding words.

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech. That infant lips can try."

3. Talk to the Lord, not to the congregation. Remember that he is near, and therefore you need not halloo as if he were very far off, or very hard of hearing.

4. Don't spend much time in telling the Lord how great, wise, just, powerful or good he is. Adoration is proper, but much of it is better adapted to the closet than the prayer-meeting.

5. Pray for something definite. What do you need? What do the people around you need? Especially, what do they need at the present time? Ask for that!

6. Avoid using the same form of words in beginning your prayer on all occasions, unless you are in the habit of opening with the words taught by the Saviour, "Our Father," etc.

7. Remember that Christ taught his disciples to say "Our Father," not "dear Father." This latter expression savors too much of familiarity to be quite reverential. At least, it is not recommended by the Saviour, the prophets or the apostles; and they may be presumed to have known what is proper.

8. Avoid the too frequent use of such expressions as "O Lord!" "O God!" Sometimes we hear one or other of them at the beginning of every sentence. Better wait and think what you ought to say than to keep the stream of words flowing with such repetitions. Never mind if words do not come to you; a thoughtful pause will often do much to keep up devotional feeling.

9. Try to say just what you mean, and to be simple, natural, earnest; not to be eloquent.

10. Don't make your prayers too long. You can not particularize all things in one prayer. If you could, those around you would become weary, cease praying, and begin to wish that you would stop.

11. It has been said of some persons that they would do better if they would leave off the opening and closing portions of their prayers and begin in the middle. The frequent repetition of a set form of words for beginning and ending becomes monotonous. The young people anticipate just what is coming, look for the regular winding up with more of mirth than of any feeling akin to religion, and lose, as do some of the seniors, the help that your prayer would afford if the familiar formula were omitted.

12. Try to speak loud enough to be heard by all in the house; otherwise, you would do better to remain silent. But do not mistake noise for fervor. If your voice is naturally loud, do not seek to repress it. But do not try to work yourself and the people up by vociferation.

"Rousements" are very good when they are the effect of truth and the power of the Divine Spirit. But "rousements" resulting from mere "bodily exercise" are of little profit generally, and may do much harm sometimes.

14. The apostle commands "praying in the Holy Ghost." We would all do well to imitate the disciples who said: "Lord, teach us how to pray."—Methodist Protestant.

TOIL AND LEISURE.

Life is not for enjoyment, but for work. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return to the ground." Idleness is a sin. God has written its condemnation not only in the Scriptures, but in the constitution of man. The idler is miserable in the nature of things. The workman alone knows true recreation. Lazy, luxurious people have invented for themselves a phrase that working people hardly understand the meaning of—"killing time." Your laboring man never kills time—it is too precious. The odd moments of rest he gets he would no more kill than the poor gleaners in Israel's wheat fields of old would have trampled in the dirt the scattered wisps of grain out of which they expected to get their bread. Toil sweetens rest, and only the toiler knows how sweet it is. Sometimes the worker, enjoying so intensely a brief respite from toil,

envies the man of leisure, and thinks how happy he would be if he had nothing to do.

But he makes a grave mistake. Because the sip of the cup was so delicious, he thinks the whole cup equally delicious; but in that sip he drank off all the cream, and left behind only skimmed milk. He gets but a single hour or a single day, and envies the man that can every day enjoy himself as he has done in that single hour or day. But then nobody else can enjoy what he does in those brief snatches of leisure. "Be content with such things as you have." The things you have are the best; only a few of the poorer things belong exclusively to some class. The best things belong to all. Who enjoy themselves most in the park on a summer holiday—the few who roll along in luxurious carriages, or the thousands that stroll and recline over the green sward? If we are to judge by the appearance, the balance of enjoyment is with the crowd. How still, and stiff, and stately are the occupants of those aristocratic equipages, for the most part. Hear the merry laughter that ripples over the green sward from those happy toilers who have snatched a day from labor for rest and recreation. The sun is as bright to them, the air as pure, the breeze as balmy, the flowers as pretty, the grass as soft, and what is it they lack? Surely not the spirit of the day and place, which is everything, for shining faces tell how truly this spirit is theirs. "The sleep of a laboring man" (and we may say the same of his leisure) "is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep."

A SOFT ANSWER.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger." These are the words of King Solomon the Wise, and it is an excellent motto for all professed followers of Christ at the present day. Oh, how many heartaches, how much grief and vexation, might be prevented if we could only check, in time, the angry retort! It requires true moral courage to control our rising anger and banish resentment when we are provoked. If we would but learn more closely upon "him who is able to keep us from falling," and surrender ourselves entirely to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, what grand victories we might achieve! But, alas! how often the Christian forgets "the soft answer" when, in daily life, he meets with crosses, and is the recipient of harsh and angry words which are, perhaps, unmerited. It is very hard to remember that the Bible teaches us to love our enemies, and to return good for evil when we are annoyed by a sense of injustice and wrong. At such a time the evil spirit is ever present urging us to retaliate. The temptation proves too strong. We yield; and what is the result? A quarrel, by which nothing is gained, and much may be lost. We lose our self-command, lower our dignity, and dishonor the cause we should honor and love. If, instead of yielding to our angry passions when we meet with harshness from others, we would make use of the soft answer which turneth away wrath, our enemy might thus bereaved and silenced, or possibly won over as a friend, and we should feel that we had won a great victory, and be strengthened thereby. Anger is a consuming fire, and there is never anything gained by yielding to its influence. Angry words never won a battle, conquered an enemy, or secured a friend; but a kind word and pleasant smile—what a blessed boon they may confer! "If we have not the spirit of Christ we are none of his." And oh! dear brothers and sisters, when we are tempted to anger, let us remember how, when our dear Saviour was reviled, he reviled not again. Let us look to him for help and guidance, and know that when we learn to suffer in meekness for well-doing we are only adding to his name's honor and glory. May our light so shine before the world that those by whom we are surrounded, when they observe the purity of our lives, the gentleness of our actions, and the beauty of our character, may be convinced that we have been with Jesus, and have learned of Him!—Ex.

"The care of no bird that flutters over her nest to feed her young, and the care of no mother who watches the cradle of her babe, is to be compared with God's tender care for us."

The thoroughly great men are those who have done everything thoroughly, and who have never despised anything, however small, of God's making.—Ruskin.

The darkest hour is before morn.

Household.

THE WAY TO BOIL EGGS.—Our woman—and her household ways—are the wonder and envy of her friends—says the right way to boil eggs is not to boil them at all. First, put the eggs into a wire basket with a tall handle—that saves the time and vexation of of fishing them out with a spoon when cooked; then set the nest of eggs in a kettle, or other vessel, with cold water enough to cover the eggs—not hot water, or warm water, but cold water. Set the vessel over a brisk fire. Do not let the water boil, only just "come to a boil," and at that particular time—not before, nor later—the eggs will be cooked as they should be. Remove the basket of eggs by the tall edge handle. Spread a napkin over a deep dish, lay in the eggs, and fold the four corners of the napkin over them, and serve. If these directions are followed exactly, the eggs when broken will roll into the cups like balls of soft jelly, nothing adhering to the shell, the entire egg being thoroughly cooked, and tender through and through.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS BY COFFEE.—A Spanish journal tells of an interesting experiment to be tried with a cup of clear coffee and a lump of sugar. The sugar should be dropped into the coffee without stirring. In a moment the air contained in the sugar will rise to the surface in the shape of bubbles, and these bubbles are excellent weather indicators. If they collect in the middle of the cup a fair day follows; if, adversely, they adhere to the sides, forming a ring of bubbles with a clear space in the center, take your umbrella, for rain is at hand; while, if they do neither one thing nor the other, but scatter irregularly, variable weather is indicated. Just what is the scientific explanation of the action of the atmosphere on the bubbles is not stated, but that their indications curiously agree with those of barometers has been tested.—New York Times.

President Andrews of Brown University, advocates a simple free lunch to be served at recess in the public schools for the younger pupils. Many of them breakfast early, and as food is rapidly assimilated in the young, the system becomes exhausted before the noon meal. Plain bread and butter and apples are far better for luncheon than sweets, and a healthy appetite will enjoy them equally well.

The heel protectors now sold by most shoe dealers save much wear on stockings. They can be made at home, however, from a piece of chamois skin. Shape it exactly to the heel, bind the edges neatly, and sew on a piece of elastic braid to keep it in place. The amount of stocking darning is considerably decreased in a large family by the simple device.

The most skillful chefs use lemon juice instead of vinegar in all their culinary processes, modern science having discovered that the eels of vinegar sometimes take up their abode in the alimentary canal as parasites, and become a source of irritation to the digestive organs.

The discoloration of black stockings is often due to the use of a too hot iron. The best laundresses use a pinch of salt in the rinsing water to set the color, then dry the stockings thoroughly, pull into shape and roll tightly without any ironing whatever.

KEEP OUT THE WIND.

When riding in the wind, ladies so often complain of the wind piercing through the chest. Their clothing is not made to protect the chest both front and back as it should in severe weather. The best thing is a chest protector to put on when going out to ride. If one can afford chamois skin, it will be much nicer than if made according to the following directions; but this one is inexpensive, and will resist the wind quite as well as the chamois. Cut a piece of paper one foot wide, and twice the length from the shoulder to the waistline. Cut a hole in the middle of the paper large enough to slip over the head. Now cover the paper with any cloth you wish—black calico or black cashmere is good. Sew tapes to the four corners long enough to tie around the waist. When preparing for a ride, before putting on your coat, slip your head through the holes in your shield, tie the tapes sewed to the black around your waist in front, and then the tapes on the front half of the shield.—Ex.

The darkest hour is before morn.

CONGREGATIONAL DIRECTORY. CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST CHURCH—Southeast corner Post and Mason streets. Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1359 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Chinese school, 6 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1719 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-schools at 9:30 A. M. and 12:30 P. M.; Christian Endeavor, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

THIRD CHURCH—South side Fifteenth St., between Valencia and Mission. Rev. F. B. Pullan, Pastor; residence, 117 Capp street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

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PILGRIM CHAPEL—Edinburgh, near Persia street. Sunday-school at 2:30 P. M. SEVENTH AVENUE CHAPEL—Corner Seventh and Clement ave. Sunday preaching at 7:30 P. M., by G. T. McCollum. Sunday-school at 3 P. M., F. K. Houston Superintendent.

PIERCE-STREET CHAPEL—Northwest corner Pierce and Green streets. John H. Kemp, Superintendent. Sunday-school, 3 P. M.

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Cal. W. C. T. U.—132 McAllister street, San Francisco.

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Young Women's Christian Association. 1221 O'Farrell street, between Octavia and Gough.

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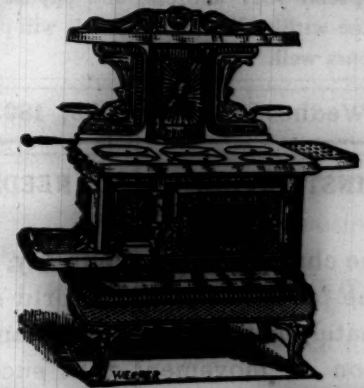
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Wednesday, March 15, 1893.

AN INSTITUTION THAT NEEDS TO SPREAD.

One characteristic of our day, when all the parts of the wide world are so intimately connected, is that any invention or movement that succeeds well in one community is likely soon to be adopted speedily elsewhere. While we were admiring our local invention of the cable road, and reflecting how it suited the configuration of our city, we were advised that it was becoming popular in many other cities. We wonder here at the rapid extension of the electric railways, but a little travel to other portions of the republic will surprise us with the currency of that happy idea. So, the simple organization known as the Christian Endeavor Society has gone round the earth, and Dr. Clarke, though he travel on the swiftest lines, cannot begin to keep up with the progress of his useful institution.

Doubtless, there are other happy ideas which are waiting to have their favoring chance, as certainly there are those for which the world has need. Much as we value the addition to modern Christian forces of the Sunday-school, the Christian Endeavor, the Boys' Brigade perhaps, and sundry other organizations, we profoundly believe that the pastor who would successfully revive in his own parish the good old family altar, and induce the heads of each household to keep the custom of household instruction and prayer, would start a movement in the churches of value not less, and without which those other movements are missing the best results.

A recent exchange quotes from the biography of Richard Baxter this sentence: "He at first found—in his parish of Kidderminster—"but a single instance or two of daily family prayer in a whole street, and on his going away but one family or two could be found in some streets that continued to neglect it." In our personal childhood there was circulated to every family of our native town a small volume on the importance of this institution of domestic worship. The book was given as the fruit of the income of a fund devised many years before by a public-spirited citizen. Certainly, in that town, it was expected that the father of a family, if he were himself a Christian, would lead his house in prayer and in the reading of the Word. We suspect that there even the hallowed custom has not held its own. But how is it in the communities into which these lines will enter this week? We sometimes wish, when we hear the reports made by the pastors and delegates of our congregations, that the report would more definitely state what proportion of the families in each church observe this habit of parental instruction and worship, morning by morning. It is said that that honored citizen who has left the White House, at the capital of the nation, maintained there, as he had at his home in Indianapolis so long, the usage of leading his family in prayer. Who that recalls the experiences of care, of official burdens, and of domestic sorrow that came to him in the four years now closed does not feel sure that this daily service was unpeppery sustaining and purifying? He and his needed it. Never in any age of the world was it needed more than in ours; never anywhere more than in this Western border of our American life. We are busy enough, but it is not with God and his Word. The inspiration of the newspaper is with us at night and in the morning. In our homes is not heard enough that surer Word of Prophecy which came of the men of old who spoke as they were moved of the Holy Spirit. Cannot our pastors start a revival of home worship which shall spread, as other movements do, far and wide?

There was a bill before the Massachusetts Legislature lately to abolish capital punishment. Now, the dispatches say that a few days ago an attempt was made within the State prison there to break from confinement, and that by some means a large number of prisoners were found supplied with revolvers by which they could fight their way out without effective hindrance. This is a disgraceful and alarming situation. No wonder public feeling has been aroused. How it would affect the proposed bill has not yet appeared. It is not of so much importance what the punishment of crime is, as whether it is swift and certain. That something is increasingly wrong and weak in our methods of justice is clear. A Chicago paper has compiled the following summary of figures, which deserve to be pondered: "Of the 4,290 known murderers of 1890, 102 were executed by law, and 127 were lynched by mobs. In 1891, 128 of the 5,998 murderers were executed by law, and 198 were lynched. Of the 6,791 murderers of 1892, 107 were executed by law, while 236 were lynched by mobs, 5 of them being women. In other words, though 17,079 known murders were committed in these three years, only 337 persons were executed by law; while 538, or about 60 per cent. more, were lynched by mobs."

Among the common faults we notice in ministers who lead congregations in public prayer is constant repetition of the divine names, and of such phrases as "we thank," "we pray," and the like, and of that indefinite petition, "bless." Indeed, would it not be well if there were a certain larger reverence for the very names of God, which should prevent the utterance of them except when mind and heart had some tribute of special love or trust or adoration? The apostle said that no man could call Jesus, "Lord," except by the Holy Spirit, but one may evidently do this in words, often without even any reason at all. So we are told that the address, "Abba, Father," comes to the lips because the Spirit of the Son is in the heart. But is it true that the constant recurrence of that address in the prayers we make bears evidence that we are thus vividly conscious and appreciative of our oneness? Men who, as ministers are, are officially called upon again and again to use the holiest and deepest words of human speech, need to be specially on their guard lest they take them "in vain."

The increase in the sentiment which takes delight in brutality is one of the most alarming symptoms of our American life. Slogging received a temporary set-back in this city, and even in the Legislature at Sacramento, because of one case in which it resulted in death. But how many of the newspapers here and everywhere were in a glee to glorify that latest deed of heroism by which at New Orleans a newly naturalized champion struck his fellow man a fearful blow in the jaw, and pocketed his forty thousand dollars, and brought glory to the flag under which the great deed was done!

The California legislators were caricatured and severely criticized last week by the Sacramento Bee. They resented it, and voted late on Saturday evening to remove the capital to San Jose. If this unexpected and uncalled-for action amounts to anything, it will be by the endorsement of the people at the polls in November, 1894. We do not think they will endorse it. If we lived at San Jose we would not give money to bring the capital there; legislative influence is often very demoralizing. We have many excellent law-makers; this Legislature is probably a better one than we have had for several years past. But how foolish for them to advertise their own shame by taking this notice of a newspaper's charges, which, otherwise, would be unknown by most people! A nice reputation they are making for themselves: The California Legislature will move to other quarters because a Sacramento newspaper caricatures and criticizes them as immoral, dishonest and undesirable visitors. What a reason! It looks as though there was something in the charges of the Bee. Will the people of California make good the legislation of such legislators, taken for such a reason? We think not; they are far more likely to retire, many of them, to private life, and send better men in their places—men who will not be open to such criticism, or who for such personal criticism will not fly off in a huff and take such action as will involve the well-being of the whole State, and the reputation of the State abroad. We doubt if such foolish action was ever taken by any legislative body before.

At the municipal election in Oakland last Monday, the Non-partisan ticket won the day, and there is great rejoicing among good people in that fair city. The fact is, things have been going to the bad over there, and corruption and crime have been largely on the increase. They have come almost to rival this city in bad things. It was time to call a halt. The temporal prosperity of Oakland depends upon its reputation for morality, good order and intelligence. Rich men from the mountains and valleys will not continue to locate their families there unless these things are regarded, and business men know this. So they have risen in their might, and carried the election for good order and honesty.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION FIELD NOTES.

DEAR PACIFIC: It has been a special privilege the past few days to live by this great sea. It is "His and he made it." And his hands have lifted up these everlasting hills. His cold has covered them with snow. From my sun-warmed window and room I look upon such a sight as might well thrill a man from the prairies. The great ranges are white. The waters change from lead color to green, from green to blue, and at times the beautiful bay shines like a great polished abalone shell of varying hues. Our eyes never weary of the surf. It has been pounding the shores for days. Great rolling combers chasing each other on to the jagged rocks and holding our fascinated eyes beyond the roar and plunge even of Niagara. The foam is tossed higher than houses, and even habitues of the grove are drawn to look on as if they heard a voice of God. His preaching is powerful. How petty man's is in the comparison! Pulpit pounding never seemed so puny to me as in the immediate presence of these great waves of God, as he speaks to us on these shores of time; and dull droning and lifelessness in the pulpit seems criminal before this ceaseless and eloquent activity.

A STAR EVENING.

If Esther is another form of "aster" our evening exercise may take a starry name. Twenty-five minutes was not long enough for such an eventful life in the morning, and our school adjourned for the evening service. We read the whole book, partly in concert, respectively, the Y. P. S. C. E. taking one chapter, a class of boys another, and three choice voices others. Then Haman, Mordecai, and Esther were briefly and pointedly discussed. A gifted W. C. T. U. lady thought Haman a worthy prohibitionist, and Esther an example for the W. C. T. U. We saw world-progress when we imagined our new President giving such a banquet to his Cabinet, and commanding the first lady in the land to come in and perform for their vulgar delight. The bait set for California beauty for exhibition at the World's Fair, and the undemocratic appeal of Ward McAllister of New York for Mrs. Cleveland to "open court" in Washington in the style affected by the "Four Hundred" of New York were thought types of the snarers set for every woman's feet in these days. Heroism is not a monopoly of Shushan or Washington. If cunning Haman was found out and hanged, common rogues better take warning. Notices, collection, the prayer, two hymns, a solo, five addresses and the ten Bible chapters only occupied an hour and a quarter. A hundred people got definite impressions of Esther they will never forget.

A MARCH AROUND THE WORLD.

It is not such an immense undertaking. Three steamer lines and three to five railroad lines will accomplish it. Rev. Daniel March, a veteran of three score and ten, has done it with the enthusiasm of a Christian, and his story of it entitled, "Morning Light in Many Lands," is one of the freshest stories of travels and missions your purse can buy. Our Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society print it, and it is also for sale by Mrs. C. M. Palmer at the general office of the First church in Oakland. That's a good place to get Mrs. Caswell's interesting story of "Our Life Among the Iroquois." Both these books will be welcome additions to a Sunday-school library.

PRAY FOR B. F. MILLS AND MINNEAPOLIS.

He is preaching in that beautiful and ambitious city to some men who, if they do not come into the kingdom now, are likely never come. Write those you know and care for, a letter. God has blessed faithful letters. If Mr. Mills has blessed you, try to pass the blessing on. And will you pray for your little sister, the Mayflower, too? Building is to begin this week. It is faith work. All we ask now is your love and prayer.

EDWIN SYDNEY WILLIAMS.

The following clipping showing current prices at Fort Smith, Arkansas, may be of interest to some of our readers: Eggs, 11 cents per dozen; chickens, 6 1-2 cents per pound; ducks, 6 1-2 cents per pound; turkeys, 8 1-2 cents per pound; geese, \$3.00 to \$3.50 per dozen. Eggs packed in cotton seed or sawdust, 1-2 cents per dozen less.

FROM OREGON.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed in the First church of this city to-day, and twenty-four new members were received, eight on confession of faith and sixteen by letter.

On January 1, 1892, the membership of this church was 507—203 males and 304 females. During 1893 188 new members were added, 123 on confession and 65 by letter, making a total of 695. In the year there were 41 dismissals, 35 by letter and six by death, leaving the membership on January 1, 1893, at 654—259 males and 395 females, of whom 94 are absentees. There were 67 baptisms in 1892; adult, 56; infants, 11. The benevolent contributions of the church and its various organizations amounted to \$2,545, every one of our seven societies being represented.

The current church expenses aggregated \$5,594.10, and the amount paid out for account of the new building enterprise amounted to \$77,204.36.

The Board of Deaconesses for the year 1893 numbers 27. They have monthly meetings from house to house, and render most efficient service to the pastor. They have their own president and secretary-treasurer.

One of our most active members, Mrs. Robert E. Jones, sustained a deep affliction in the sudden death of her father, Rev. Henry L. Hammond, at Evanston, Ill., on the evening of March 3d, from heart disease. The following summary of his life is from the *Advance*: "Mr. Hammond was born in Smyrna, N. Y., in 1815. He graduated in Oberlin College in 1838, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1841, and was ordained at Kingston, Mass., in December, 1841. He came West to Michigan in 1842, organizing the First Congregational church of Detroit, and was its pastor until 1850. He was pastor of the Congregational church in Grand Rapids from 1850 to 1856, when he came to Chicago. Here he was editor of the *Congregationalist* until 1861. From 1861 to 1862 he preached at Princeton, Ill. He was fearless in preaching against slavery, and was an Abolitionist from his early years. While preaching at Princeton he got up a petition with a large number of signatures, which was sent to President Lincoln, urging him to use his war powers and free the slaves, regarding that as the quickest, surest, safest and most humane way to put down the rebellion. This was the first petition of this kind sent from Illinois. Mrs. Hammond is a sister of Owen Lovejoy, the Congressman of Abolitionist fame. From 1862 to 1872 Mr. Hammond was General Agent and Treasurer of the Chicago Theological Seminary, taking the institution when it had no site nor building and deeply in debt, and leaving it with a beautiful site, two large buildings, four endowed professorships, and \$300,000 assets. He was one of the first writers for the *Sunday-school Quarterly*, founded in Chicago, by Bishop J. H. Vincent. He became editor for a time of the *National Sunday-school Teacher*. Mr. Hammond was a correspondent for several years of the *Congregationalist*, and since has continued writing for papers, both religious and secular. He was the author of a book of Biblical narratives entitled "New Stories from an Old Book," which was published in 1886. He preached only occasionally after 1872, on account of throat trouble, living with his son in Chicago until four years ago, and since then in Evanston.

"Mr. Hammond, until quite recently, has been one of the constant attendants of the Chicago Monday Ministers' Meeting, where his presence was always a benediction. Along with a characteristic sweetness and gentleness of spirit and ardent love for the truth, went a personal independence and completeness of courage in the maintenance of his convictions. His life was eminently useful, and his age was crowned with an increasing beauty of ripened Christian character."

The following figures show the extent of the College Y. M. C. A. work in this State: There are 10 college associations; 913 young men in the colleges; 368 of these are Christians; 328 are members of the Y. M. C. A.; 230 are active members; in the past twelve months 112 young men were converted through the agency of the Y. M. C. A. work.

A special effort is being made by the Y. M. C. A. of this city to increase its membership the coming year, and also to add a large number to membership in the churches. There is much to do in this line. The necessity is great, and every Christian in the city, young or old, ought to most earnestly engage in this work, guided by the Holy Spirit. With at least 15,000 young men among us, and not over 2,000 of them in the churches, the need for wise, prayerful and persistent Christian service is certainly very great.

Edmund Seymour of Tacoma has received the following letter from E. B. Parsons, Secretary of the Faculty of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., under date of March 2d, showing the high regard held for the late venerable and honored pioneer missionary of the North Pacific College, Rev. Cushing Eells, D.D.: "In behalf

of Williams College, let me express to you and the many friends of Rev. Dr. Cushing Eells our profound sense of loss in the death of this heroic son of the College, and our great admiration for those qualities of far-sighted enthusiasm and painstaking zeal by which his life and services have brought helpfulness to the nation and to humanity, and honor to the College.

Dr. Eells left the largest part of his estate, said to be worth \$100,000, to Whitman College, Walla Walla, which he founded many years ago. The will specifies that the endowment shall be used exclusively to pay the salaries of teachers of "evangelical beliefs and corresponding practice."

The last week in February Superintendent Charles H. Curtis organized a Sunday-school at Niagara, in Marion county, forty-four miles east of Albany, on the Oregon Pacific railroad, with thirty members. On the same road, four miles west, at a station called Gates, he organized another Sunday-school of about the same number. In both these instances he could only give a half-day's notice; notwithstanding this, in each case the most available building that could be secured, the school-house, was filled to overflowing; ninety persons being present at Gates. In these localities there have been no religious influences worth mentioning for years; on the contrary, the forces for infidelity are very strong and blatant, the school teachers in each place being most pronounced opposers of religion. However, in justice to them, it should be said that they cheerfully and courteously gave out the notices for the Sunday-school organizations, and were present on each occasion.

Superintendent Curtis' assistant, Mr. William A. Bond, organized a Sunday-school of twenty-five members at Neer City, on the Columbia river, a few miles below St. Helens, during the first week in this month. Rev. George W. Baker, pastor of the Kalama, Wash., church, will preach at the former place from time to time.

On the 8th inst. Superintendent Curtis left Portland for Weiser, Idaho, to assist Pastor E. A. Paddock in a series of special meetings. He will be there about two weeks.

Our valued friends and near neighbors just over the "lordly Columbia," at the beautiful city of Vancouver, Wash., Rev. Elmer E. Smiley and wife, have recently welcomed a lusty boy to their household, and in due time he bids fair to be a most helpful pastor's assistant. GEO. H. HIMES.

PORTLAND, March 12, 1893.

EASTERN WASHINGTON NEWS.

The Yale Band have just closed a successful meeting at Medical Lake, Rev. G. E. Hooker, pastor. The work has been greatly blessed, there being about twenty persons declaring their intention of living a new life.

Evangelists Webb and Reid have been holding services in the Second Congregational church, Spokane, for one week. Much interest was manifested, the house being filled night after night. The present week they are holding meetings in the Centenary Presbyterian church, and it is hoped that the conversion of many souls will be the result of their labors.

Sunday-school missionary E. J. Singer visited Chelan a short time since, leaving the railroad at Coulee City; there was sleighing all the way, being between three and four feet of snow. In spite of being without a pastor, the Chelan people are courageous. Sunday night was spent in Chelan. Monday night the dining-room of the hotel at Chelan Falls was arranged, and service held. Tuesday night again in Chelan, and one lady admitted into membership. Wednesday night a prayer-meeting was held, twenty-three being present. Thursday Brother Singer started for home, to be caught in a snow-drift on the Central Washington line, and spent the Sabbath at a schoolhouse near, in which services and Sunday-school were held.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the First church, Spokane, held a very enjoyable meeting at Mr. Doiland's residence. The meeting partook of the nature of a social gathering out of the ordinary method of conducting missionary meetings. The programme was short, and to the point; the subject, "Japan." Mrs. H. C. Ashenfelter, from a map, described the country geographically. Mrs. E. J. Singer told of the manners and customs, and Mrs. Dr. Oliver gave a brief history of Joseph Neesima and his work. Then we were all treated to a delicious lunch, and went home realizing that a foreign missionary meeting may be made a very pleasant affair. The contributions amounted to about \$10.

Rev. E. L. Smith of Genesee and Rev. G. E. Hooker of Medical Lake, members of the Missionary Committee, met with Rev. T. W. Walters, general missionary in Spokane, to look over the field, and arrange for work the coming year. It is too bad that the work of God has to be limited by the lack of means. New fields are crying for attention that should be supplied. E. J. S.

PROFESSOR FREDERIC WILLIAMS PHELPS.

On February 27th, Professor Phelps' brave fight for life and activity was ended, and his spirit returned "unto God who gave it." Even to those who were anticipating the event the tidings brought a shock. Early in January last he withdrew from his work in the Pacific Theological Seminary, having proven the coast climate unfavorable for his recovery. He retired to the Health Retreat at St. Helena, hoping much from its genial climate and from the medical treatment. But rain and fog followed him thither, and he did not improve. So, with the hopefulness usually accompanying his malady, and with a courage belonging to his own manly and Christian character, he left St. Helena about February 2d, in search of a higher and drier region. He reached Tucson, Arizona, February 4th, where he died three weeks later. Two days after arriving in Tucson he wrote, "I feel already the beneficial effects of the altitude and the dryness." And he seemed to have some confidence that by short stages he might gain the higher parts of Colorado, and there enjoy some years more of usefulness. But the Father chose to carry him over into more glorious than earthly heights, and into the service unmarred by sickness.

During Professor Phelps' brief stay of four months in our Seminary circle he commended and endeared himself to all. His scholarship and his teaching ability were of a high order. He lifted an exalted ideal before his pupils, held their eyes upon it, and spurred them toward it. His manhood was noble. We felt that he came of good stock, was fine-grained, free from ignoble tendencies, full of wholesome purposes and skyward aims. We could echo the words of a friend who wrote, "I never knew him to say or do an unworthy thing." Nor can we remember anything else so gratefully or so distinctly as the spiritual quality of his Christian experience. It was clear that he was having a daily life "hid with Christ in God." Through the morning devotions he contributed elements of "trust and strength and calmness from above" to the Christian growth of professors and students. We sent him away thankfully, remembering his Christian service, but solemnly foreboding that which has occurred so soon.

Though his life has been so short, it has not been unprofitable. He has blessed the world considerably. While fighting his own way upward into light, he has aided others up. No death like his can be unseasonable; no life like his be lost. "Transplanted human worth will bloom to profit otherwise." He is "at home with the Lord" forever. And unto the Lord he once more by his passage draws our hearts, while we pray fervently, as did Dr. Burton over the lifeless body of Dr. Bushnell: "God bring us to Thee when the eternal morning breaks!" C. S. N.

The Central Union church of Honolulu has built and paid for a large and elegant stone church at a cost of \$130,000. Soon after the building was begun the times of great depression came. Large incomes shrank to almost nothing. In December last a debt of \$30,000 remained. With no small self-sacrifice this has now been paid. Notwithstanding the hard times, fully 99 per cent. of all the subscriptions has been realized. The seats are free. Some persons, not able to pay over one dollar a month, are occupying pews that would rent for \$250 a year, while others are paying \$20 a month, and holding pews worth not over \$40 a year. The church expenses are \$550 a month. Twice that amount came in the first month of the year, some of it being in advance. The morning and evening collections are all devoted to benevolences, and come to about \$400 a month. This makes about \$11,000 a year for church expenses and benevolences. In addition to this, it is estimated that the congregation gives about \$24,000 a year to mission, educational and other work, making an aggregate of \$35,000, or \$70 a member. Is there another church in all the world that does as well? We think that such a church is worth annexing.

Avoid Sunday funerals if possible. Christian people should not bury their beloved dead on the Lord's Day, unless compelled to do so. Undue labor should be avoided on that day. It is the day set apart for worship. The associations of the day suggest resurrection, not interment; creation, not destruction; victory, not defeat; gladness, not sorrow.

"On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth:
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given."

P.

Mills College has a new scholarship called the Faith Montgomery scholarship, given by Mr. and Mrs. George F. Montgomery of Beulah. It is to be used for the benefit of those who expect to become missionaries. A Japanese young woman now enjoys its privileges.

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

At the last Monday Club, Signor Nardi, a native of Rome, Italy, gave a very interesting account of his conversion and work. He has organized churches in New York, Boston, Chicago and St. Louis, procuring pastors from the Free Protestant Church of Italy. He reports a community of about 17,000 Italians in this city, in the center of which he has started a mission, which is well attended. A vote of thanks was tendered him for his very interesting address. The subject next week will be, "The Proper Punctuation and Interpretation of John ix:1-5," by Prof. R. R. Lloyd.

The annual collection for home missions was taken in the First church in this city last Sunday morning. Dr. Brown preached a very appropriate sermon from the text Num. xiii:30, and the collection amounted to over \$800.00 with some large givers to hear from. In the evening, the subject was "What the Gospel has Done for the Chinese in This City." The house was full; many had to stand. Jee Gam of our Chinese Mission, and a Chinese brother from the Methodist Mission, and another from the Presbyterian Mission, addressed the meeting. Miss Worley, one of the teachers, told what is being done among the women. A choir of Chinese girls sang a song, accompanied by one of their number on the organ. There was also a song by a quartette of young men. Dr. Brown closed the services with a few brave, honest words. The audience listened patiently to the unusually long services, and gave occasional expression of approval. The service was unique, and was in the interest of right dealing and fair play at this important juncture.

"What Religion is Doing for the Japanese in This City," will be the subject in the First church next Sabbath evening.

Rev. O. H. Gulick of Japan was present at Plymouth church prayer-meeting last Wednesday evening, and delivered a very interesting address on Christian work in Japan.

Rev. J. B. Silcox delivered an excellent lecture in Plymouth church last Friday evening on the "Splendor and Squalor of London."

Professor Lloyd was again at Bethany church last Sabbath.

Superintendent J. K. Harrison was at the Fourth church in the morning and presented the cause of home missions. The annual collection will be taken next week.

The total amount secured by the Park church thus far toward a lot is \$1,700. They have also pledged of about \$70 a month for Pastor Houlding's salary.

Rev. Wm. Rader's, subject in the First church, Oakland, in the evening was "Lessons from the Career and Character of the Late Rutherford B. Hayes."

In consequence of the two gifts of \$4,625 each which Mr. Seth Richards of Oakland has made in memory of his wife, our California column of donations for March foots up much larger than usual—for the American Board, \$4,719.20; for the American Home Missionary Society, \$5,635.44. It is encouraging to be told that the latter Society, in ten months, has gained in receipts over the same months last year over \$52,000.

At Market-street church, Rev. J. H. Goodell preached upon the excellent subjects "Jesus Seen Through Us" and "The Orphan Queen."

Rev. Geo. W. Henning supplied the Second church, Oakland.

There was a large congregation in the First Church, Berkeley, to greet the pastor-elect, Rev. Geo. B. Hatch, and hear his first sermon. Sixteen were received to membership, two of them on confession.

Sunday, March 5th, was a glad day in the Congregational church at Ferndale. The pastor, Rev. S. R. Wood, preached an appropriate sermon on the subject "Giving," from Matt. v:42—"Give to him that asketh thee." The Lord's Supper was administered, when five were received into membership. In the evening the pastor gave a very interesting discourse on "Home Missionary Work, and the Great Need of It in Our State." His text was from Isaiah xli:6—"They helped every one his neighbor." Over sixty dollars was contributed to the cause. Increased attendance at church services, at prayer-meeting, at the Endeavor meetings, and at the Sunday-school, are the hopeful conditions of our work. It is fair to say that in every way our church is strengthened. Our faith, and hope and charity are all enlarged. We are especially rejoicing over those who have accepted the Christ, and hope and pray that many will follow.

Two were received to our church in Antioch on confession of faith. As the result of the union meetings at Port Townsend, a number united with the Congregational church, who have called Rev. T. H. Henderson. The evangelists Mason and Chandler, also held services with the Baptist and Congregational churches at Port Angeles.

The cause of home missions was presented in the Saratoga church last Sunday by the pastor, Rev. W. H. Cross, and ex-Superintendent Warren. Pledge cards were distributed, payable in two weeks. A large union meeting was held in the evening to prevent a license being issued for a saloon in Saratoga. A large delegation started out early Monday morning for San Jose, and met the Supervisors of the County with an earnest protest against the license, but before a vote was taken the application for license was withdrawn; consequently, Saratoga must keep house sometime longer without a saloon, for which thanks to the ministers, the churches, the W. C. T. U., and the majority of citizens and freeholders of Saratoga.

On March 8th fifteen were received into membership with the First church, Tacoma. The programme for the last missionary meeting was prepared by Mrs. G. R. Andrus—"The Scandinavians and Bohemians in America." The young people of the church are enthusiastic students of Congregationalism, with Mr. Hallock as dean of Scrooby Chapter. The meetings are very interesting and helpful. "Dexter's Manual" should be in the hands of every church member. The Old Folks' Concert on February 22d was a decided success. On March 14th Mr. Hallock will deliver a lecture on "Grit." A very instructive and delightful service for Sunday evening was his reading of "Pilgrim's Progress," with a fine musical programme.

The first anniversary of the young People's Society of Christian Endeavor at our church in Rio Vista last Sunday evening was a decided success. The audience filled the edifice. The President of the Society, Miss Cassie Cook, conducted the exercises in a pleasing manner. The reports showed that the Society had doubled its membership, and is at the present time in a most flourishing condition. The papers read by Miss Stewart and Mrs. Johnston were listened to with great interest. A prominent feature of the evening was the presence and address of Miss Wilson, who is expecting to go as a missionary to the Micronesia Islands.

A Ladies' Aid Society, with an associate membership of young men, has been organized in Pastor Shepard's church at Black Diamond. The Society held a successful "hard times entertainment" in the hall on Tuesday evening, February 28th. Every one was expected to dress in the oldest clothes obtainable, and a supper of coarsest food was served. The grotesque costumes and the frugal supper caused a great deal of mirth, and everybody felt at home at once. A really excellent programme of songs and recitations was rendered, and a small admission fee was charged. The receipts were good, and similar entertainments will be given in the future.

A TRUE INCIDENT.—In 1888, on the way to San Francisco, C. S. Mason, evangelist, was asked to go to Pana, Ill., to hold a meeting; when there he placed his hand upon the shoulder of a young man, and urged him to confess Christ, his Saviour; he did so. A few days ago Brother Mason received a letter, from which we quote: "You will be surprised, I suspect, to learn that I am serving the Lord as a Congregational minister. * * * I have not ceased to praise God that you were constrained to speak to me of Christ, and gave me Rom. x:9 to meditate upon. * * * When I came here the membership was five; now it is thirty-six, with six to receive at next communion"; and he closes his letter with a sentence that sent to the heart of the worker a cry of gratitude to God—"Your son in the gospel." God give us more such sons!

EASTERN.

The church at Bancroft, Mich., received twenty-eight March 5th—first fruits of the revival.

March 5th, nineteen were received into the Bowmanville church, Chicago, on confession of their faith.

Rev. W. T. Reynolds has resigned the pastorate of the church at North Haven, Conn., where he has been pastor twenty-four years.

The old church at Fitchville, Ohio, has been greatly quickened, and the labors of Rev. D. K. Flickinger much blessed. Eighteen have united with the church.

Fifty-four united with the church in Collingwood, Ohio, March 5th; forty-four of these were on confession of their faith; twenty-one of these were heads of families.

The beautiful new house of worship of the Second church, Terre Haute, Ind., was dedicated February 26th, the pastor and congregation of the First church uniting.

Rev. F. E. Hopkins has conducted revival services in the First church, Dubuque, since the week of prayer as a result of this special effort of pastor and people. Thirty-five united with the church March 5th.

Sioux City, "the Corn Palace City of the World," holds another of its unique and peculiar festivals this year from September 20th until October 18th. Sioux City is in the great corn-producing territory on the globe.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

RESULT OF COUNCIL.

The Council called by the Lincoln Congregational church and pastor to review the action of the church in accepting the resignation of their pastor, Rev. J. Clarke Robbins, met in the church parlor on March 7th. Dr. McLean of Oakland was chosen Moderator, and Rev. E. D. Haven of Rocklin, Scribe. The following is the result of Council:

The Council, having heard the reasons which have actuated Rev. J. C. Robbins in resigning the pastorate of Lincoln church, having also reviewed the action of the church in accepting the same, and having made detailed inquiry, both of the pastor and church, respecting all matters connected herewith, we are fully persuaded that this pastoral relation has, throughout, been one of peculiar affection and tenderness upon both sides, and that no reasons other than that given in the pastor's letter of resignation—viz., a prudent consideration of the local climate upon his health—has influenced him in resigning, or the church in accepting his resignation. We are ready, therefore, to comply with the request made in the letter convening us. We pronounce all the proceedings had in the case to have been orderly, well considered and Christian, and do hereby recognize the pastoral relation heretofore existing between Rev. J. Clarke Robbins and the Congregational church of Lincoln as having ceased.

In performing this duty, we rejoice that we are able to bear cheerful and unqualified testimony to the high quality and large success of the work done here by Brother Robbins, and to the enthusiastic and untiring support given him by the church throughout all the period in which he has labored here. Few pastors in our State have been so fruitful. He leaves an enduring monument to his energy and fidelity in the beautiful house of worship, free from debt, which has been erected during these three years; and in the one hundred members added to the thirty he found on coming to the pastorate, and a still more gratifying and enduring memorial in the universal confidence and affection of this people, and of this entire community.

We regret that it should have seemed necessary to interrupt a relation so full of satisfaction and fruitfulness. Our deep sympathy is hereby extended to the church, together with our earnest prayers that divine guidance may be over them in the future as in the past. Our best wishes and hearty commendation, also, go with our brother to his new field of labor, in which we hope and expect for him the same large measure of success which has so signally followed his pastoral labor here.

THE SOLANO CONVENTION OF THE Y. P. S. C. E.

The second semi-annual convention of the Solano County Societies of Christian Endeavor met at the Congregational church in Benicia, Friday evening, March 3d, and closed on the afternoon of the following day. The five Societies of the Union were well represented, and all brought encouraging reports from their different fields. Our Union is yet in its infancy, having been organized only six months ago; since that time, however, much interest seems to be awakening among the young people; also, quite an increase in membership. There are at present writing about 300 Endeavorers in Solano.

The delegates were given a most cordial welcome by the pastor of the Congregational church of Benicia, responded to by the President, Rev. Mr. Merrill of Rio Vista. Several papers were read, giving practical suggestions on various features of Endeavor work.

We must thank our Executive Committee most heartily for sending Professor Lloyd of the Pacific Theological Seminary to give us so many excellent helps and suggestions in the study of the Bible. "Life a Trust" was the subject of an address delivered by Rev. Mr. Hemphill of Dixon.

The Convention closed Saturday afternoon with an effective prayer-meeting, when the delegates started for their various homes, each one, seemingly, more inspired with a zeal to be a true Endeavorer for Christ and the Church.

The meetings were remarkable for the unity which prevailed. Denominationalism was lost sight of. Congregationalists, Baptists, and all denominations were one in Christ Jesus. M. STEWART.

Rio Vista, March 9, 1893.

Miss Juliet Corson will take charge of New York's exhibit of cooking schools at the World's Fair.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer-Meeting Topic for Week Beginning March 19, 1893.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Subject.—Temperance meeting (Prov. xxiii:15-23).

Intemperance is easily foremost among our deadliest enemies, seeking rewards in money and men, regardless of souls, homes and consequences. Governments punish treason, and justly so, but they throw around the diabolical liquor traffic which ruins character and destroys homes the sanction of authority and the dignity of law. The mass of Christian electors who are not inside politicians play the cards which skillful politicians deal out to them, or stand aloof from the game. This is largely the secret of the power of the liquor-enemy in the United States to-day. Our country must be governed by the saloon, or ruled by an intelligent righteousness. There is no middle ground. Only the King upon His throne, with the principled, unselfish co-operation of right-minded people, can preserve our land from the doom of drink. Let faith sing and zeal labor.

"Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light!
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!"

Many things are changing and many are passing away; but the warnings of God touching intemperance and the sad havoc of the liquor-power remain unchanged. They err who think that the devil will give up one inch of contested ground. And our opponents are mistaken if they believe that God will discontinue a campaign begun by himself. God is behind every movement for the suppression and abolition of this great enemy of our race. If the people must hear so many tales of misery to be aroused, let them hear them.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not." Have nothing to do with drink. Avoid the very appearance of drink. Abandon liquor, or it will some day abandon you. Shakespeare's description of the effect upon himself of low surroundings is equally true to-day:

"Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like a dyer's hand."

1. Strong drink misleads the judgment.
 2. Strong drink prevents a holy life.
 3. Strong drink brings multitudes to death.
 4. Strong drink forfeits eternal happiness.
- (Lev. x:8, 9; Prov. xx:1, 23, 29; Isa. xxxviii:7; Luke xxii:63; John xv:16; Rom. xiii:12; II Cor. vi:7; Phil. i:27, 28; Col. i:10, 11; Epes. v:18.)

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, San Francisco.

OBITUARY.

CLAPP.—Died, at Mills College, Friday, February 24, 1893, Elva Clapp of Port Townsend, Wash., aged 14 years.

She, with three sisters, had been a member of the school for nearly two years. On Washington's Birthday she went with her companions over the hills in search of wild flowers, and was in usual health. Two days later she died suddenly from a chronic disease, which induced heart failure. This death was the second that has occurred among the more than three thousand pupils while connected with the institution, and is a remarkable record, proving the healthfulness of the climate, and the good care taken of its pupils. On Sabbath afternoon funeral services were held in the College, and on Monday the precious remains were forwarded to the parents, who are again afflicted in the loss of an only son.

Ballington Booth, Commander of the Salvation Army in America, is planning to inaugurate the colonization scheme, which is in operation in England, for the benefit of the destitute of New York and other large cities of the United States.

Madagascar has 800 Congregational churches and stations, and 782 ministers.

You would like the lamp-chimneys that do not amuse themselves by popping at inconvenient times, wouldn't you?

A chimney ought not to break any more than a tumbler. A tumbler breaks when it tumbles.

Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass"—they don't break from heat, not one in a hundred; a chimney lasts for years sometimes.

Pittsburgh. GEO. A. MACBETH CO.

Miss Martha Jordan, formerly a student in the University of California, and more recently a teacher in the public schools of Dallas, Texas, has entered the Denver University School of Dentistry, to fit herself for a first-class dentist. Miss Jordan is the first colored person to enter this department of the University.

Publishers' Department

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

ORDER FOR MEETING OF CREDITORS.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. In the Matter of the Patent Developing and Manufacturing Company of California, a corporation, in Insolvency.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the creditors of said debtor be and appear before the Judge of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in open Court, in Department 10, at the court-room of said Court, in the City and County of San Francisco aforesaid, on the 13th day of March, A. D. 1893, at ten o'clock A. M. of that day, to prove their debts, and choose one or more assignees of the estate of said debtor.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that the order be published in THE PACIFIC, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco; as often as said paper is published before the said day set for the meeting of creditors.

WALTER H. LEVY,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Dated February 10, 1893.
Attest: M. C. HALEY, Clerk.

WM. H. HYMAN, Deputy Clerk.
NOTICE.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of Blake, Moffit & Towne will be held at the company's office, No. 516 Sacramento street, San Francisco, on Monday, March 20, 1893, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the election of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting.
A. G. TOWNE, Secretary.
SAN FRANCISCO, March 7, 1893.

NOTICE.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Union Paper Company will be held at the company's office, No. 516 Sacramento street, San Francisco, on Monday, March 20, 1893, at 9 o'clock A. M., for the election of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting.
A. G. TOWNE, Secretary.
SAN FRANCISCO, March 7, 1893.

Clergymen, lawyers, public speakers, singers, and actors, all recognize the virtues of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One of our most eminent public men says: "It is the best remedy that can be procured for all affections of the vocal organs, throat and lungs."

All the elements which nature requires to make the hair beautiful and abundant are supplied in Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation keeps the scalp free from dandruff, prevents the hair from becoming dry and harsh, and makes it flexible and glossy.

Ladies, call at the Wonder Hat, Flower and Feather Store, 1024, 1026 and 1028 Market street. New Hats, new feathers. Low prices.

Beecham's Pills are faithful friends.

HEADQUARTERS

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LOW PRICES AND EASY TERMS.

KOHLER & CHASE

28, 28 & 30 O'Farrell St.,

Largest stock, oldest Music House. Satisfaction guaranteed.

B. M. ATCHINSON & CO.,

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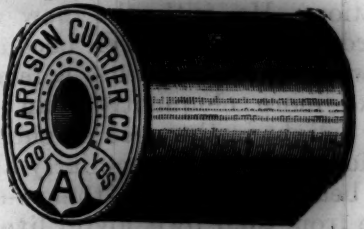
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Young Folks.

"I Don't Care."

Girls and boys, I wish to tell you
Of a foe you entertain,
I have seen him with you often,
And the fact has caused me pain.
For he only seeks the ruin
Of your lives so young and fair—
He's a foe, cool, sly and cunning,
And his name is, "I don't care."

Have you ever thought, dear children,
That "I don't care" is a thief,
Taking from you time and order,
Candor, friends, and all save grief?
Don't you notice the bold falsehoods
That he daily tells to you,
And that make you say, "I don't care,"
When at heart you really do?

He, at first, will only cause you
To forget yourself and dare
To answer parents, friends and strangers
With the rude words, "I don't care."
But be warned! He'll plant within you
The true spirit of his name;
Then he'll disappear like magic,
Leaving you to bear the shame.

Break the habit, children, break it;
Do not use the common phrase;
Smaller things than this have started
Many a life in reckless ways.
Guard your words, your thoughts, your ac-
tions;
To yourself be true; and dare
Not let the good ship slip by you,
With a reckless, "I don't care."

WHO ARE THEY?

A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR STORY.

"A kindly act is a kernel seed
That will grow to a goodly tree,
Shedding its fruit, when time is done,
Down the gulf of eternity."

Yes. He and she were at the con-
vention of '90, in the hospitable
southern city of St. Louis. He, very
bright and manly, she, very fair and
winsome, and both very self-conscious;
for, you see, they had been married
such a short time—only since that
first May-day, and this was their wed-
ding trip, a little delay, to be sure,
but chosen unanimously upon presen-
tation. He with the new air of
guardianship which well became his
stalwart figure, she with a face that
spoke more eloquently than words
her delight in the need of such pro-
tection, and both peculiarly alive to
the beauty all around them—a radi-
ance from their own joyful lives.

When the dear old pastor, just
those few golden weeks ago, had
linked their lives together, he had
laid his hands tenderly on their bowed
heads, and said: "My little children,
lay not up for yourselves treasures on
earth, where moth and rust doth cor-
rupt, and thieves break through and
steal, but lay up for yourselves treas-
ures in heaven, where neither moth
nor rust doth corrupt, and where
thieves do not break through nor
steal. For where your treasure is,
there will your heart be also. And
now, the Lord bless you and keep
you. The Lord make his face to
shine upon you, and be gracious unto
you. The Lord lift up his counte-
nance upon you and give you peace!
Amen!"

So they had begun right at the
start to lay up that treasure above.
One-tenth of the modest income was
to be invested in the Lord's own
work, and they hoped to be able at
different times to add a thank offer-
ing to the small amount. The morn-
ing altar had been established in the
pretty little home, and now they had
come to the great convention to be
fed with the "bread of life," and then
carry back all that was possible to
the hungry souls who could not come.
They had listened with intense eager-
ness to the good thoughts so beauti-
fully clothed by the great speakers;
they had gathered into the store-
house of their minds wise ideas for
future work; they had been uplifted
by the dear old hymns sung by such
a mighty host; they had been touched
by the sight of that noble, self-exiled
band of missionaries; and now the
last day was almost gone, and they
were resting in their room, waiting
for the final service, the Consecration
Hour. She had been watching him
intently for the last silent ten min-
utes, her loving eyes divining that
his thoughts were far away. Another
ten minutes—she could wait no
longer!

"A penny for your thoughts, my
liege lord!"
"Keep your penny, sweetheart; I'll
give them to you. I was thinking—"
his face grew grave again—"of a
charming cottage—such a charming
cottage, which is on a pleasant street.
At the end of that street is a forlorn
little mission chapel, where every Fri-
day night a weak little Christian En-
deavor tries to hold up its head.
They have an organ, but no one out
of that small band can play. She in-
terrupted impetuously, "And I could!
You needn't say another word. I
know just what you mean. But oh!
how can we? Don't you know that
it is our club night, and we have so few
innocent recreations, and we do so
enjoy that? Isn't it enough to have
a class in Sunday-school, and go to
the Wednesday evening service? And
couldn't some one else go?"

"Do they?" He rose as he spoke,
and held out his hand: "Come, dear,
it's time for us to go."

As they entered the Exposition
building, and passed quickly to the
music hall entrance, they were ar-
rested by a little commotion near one
of the great doors; the crowd of eager
Endeavorers carried them along, then
suddenly parted, and the next mo-
ment he and she found themselves in

the heart of the disturbance. A young
man whose blood-shot eyes and shak-
ing limbs seemed to tell of a night's
dissipation, and whose garments were
worn and soiled, was eagerly striving
to make his way into the hall.

"Here! You can't go in there, I
tell you!" And the irate usher pulled
him back for the third time.

"If you try that again I'll call the
police and have you taken to the place
where you belong. Now, go off!"
Again the young fellow pushed past
him, this time almost succeeding in
his purpose, but the usher seized his
arm angrily. "See here, this won't
do! You're no Endeavorer, and you
can't get in there!"

"But I must, I must! For heaven's
sake, boy, let me in!"

"It wouldn't do you any good. You
have no badge, and I have my orders,
you know," a little softened by the
despairing look on the other's face.
"Drunk," he whispered to those near
by. The fellow, with one more long-
ing look into the hall, turned slowly
away, and, as he did so, she saw his
white face, and shrank back, for it
was not a pleasant sight, then quickly
pulled some one's head down to her.

"Can't he go in there?"
"Of course not! Only C. E.'s are
allowed. No one can go in without
a badge, but he can go up in the gal-
lery."

She shook her wise little head.
"He won't do that, I know, and he
ought to hear; he needs it, I am sure.
Here!" she tore off her little badge,
and thrust it into his hand. "Put
that on him, so the ushers can't say
anything! We know it's all right.
You take him right in with you, down
to our seat, where he can hear every
word. Hurry, hurry, or you'll be too
late!" He looked aghast.

"I can't, dear; I just can't and
won't! Don't ask that! I want you
by me this last night. Some one else
can see to him."

"Will they?" Then her blue eyes
filled with tears. "Inasmuch as ye
have done it unto one of the least of
these," She knew she had won.

"And you!" he asked anxiously.
"I'll be in the press-room after the
meeting. Go!" and she gave him a
gentle push, and in a moment more
the crowd hid her from his view.

They wondered, did the delegation,
when he came in with his strange
companion, the young man of ill-fav-
ored appearance, and they wondered
more where she was, but all was soon
forgotten in the hallowed moments
which followed. 'Twas over, and out
they came, these thousands of recon-
secrated lives, some with sober faces,
and some with songs on their lips,
and all with thanksgiving in their
hearts. She stood at the door of the
press-room, her eyes eagerly scanning
the sea of faces, and as she stood
there a note was put into her hand;
she hastily opened it and read:

"Dear heart, what shall I do? he
needs me to-night. Shall I go with
him? Are you afraid to stay alone?
If you say, I shall go; Frank will
take you out home, and I will come
when I dare. Good night!" She
wrote hastily: "Go in his name; I am
not afraid. I will pray, too."

In the gray of the morning he
came in, and she saw even by the
dim light how great was his exhaus-
tion. After greeting her tenderly he
threw himself down on the couch,
and, as she knelt by his side, he saw
that she still had on the pretty new
traveling dress, and he then knew
that she had kept her vigil all the
night long, over there by the window,
where she could hear his coming
step. As he drew her up to him, she
whispered, "Is it all right?" His
voice trembled, "Saved as by fire!
Sometime I'll tell you, I cannot now,"
and the strong frame shook, while he
closed his eyes as if to shut out all
remembrance.

(To be continued.)

A DOG STORY.

Allen Pringle, writing on "Reasoning
Animals" in a current monthly, gives
the following "dog story" which he
ascribed to Henry Ward Beecher: A
large and small dog happened to
start from opposite sides of a stream,
at the same time, to cross it over a
narrow board which spanned it. They
met in the middle. Both came to a
stop, for they could not pass each
other on the narrow board. The little
dog sat down on the board, held up
his head, and began to whine. The
big dog stood a moment apparently
cogitating what to do, when sud-
denly a thought struck him. He
spread his fore legs apart to the out-
er edges of the board, also his hind
legs, and then looked at the little dog
as much as to say: "Now is your time!"
Whereupon, the little fellow shot
through between the big dog's legs
and safely reached the other side,
wagging his tail with delight and ap-
proval of so clever a trick; while the
big fellow walked philosophically
over to his side, no doubt well satis-
fied with himself, as he certainly had
a good right to be.

Thank God every morning when
you get up that you have something
to do that day which must be done
whether you like it or not. Being
forced to work, and forced to do
your best, will breed in you temper-
ance and self-control, diligence and
strength of will, cheerfulness and
content, and a hundred virtues which
the idle never know.—Charles Kings-
ley.

The Peace of God.

We ask for peace, O Lord!
Thy children ask thy peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease,
That through bright sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day—
It is not for such peace that we would pray.

We ask thy peace, O Lord!
Through storm and fear and strife,
To light and guide us on
Through a long struggling life;
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or ease the world's calls
Our wasted might.

Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.
It is thine own, O Lord,
Who toil while others sleep;
Who sow with loving care
What other hands should reap;
They lean on thee, entranced
In calm and perfect rest,
Give us that peace, O Lord
Divine and blest,
Thou keepst for those hearts that love thee best.

BOYS.

Bishop J. H. Vincent, in a recent
lecture in Philadelphia on "Our
Boys," gave interesting and sugges-
tive pictures. The boy he portrayed
was not the good boy who always
dies at an early age, nor the bad boy
who is always hanged when he is
twenty, but the noisy, mischievous,
whistling, generous, every-day boy,
who always speaks when he is coun-
seled to keep still, and never sees the
proprieties of social life until after he
has blunderingly violated them.

The boy baby was shown as a pet,
fondled, admired and rejoiced over.
The second stage is a period when
the most noticeable trait in his char-
acter is the fact that he is not a girl;
when he struts in his first trousers,
filling the pockets with rubbish and
his chubby fists. He begins to wear
boots, too, and wants to be always
out-of-doors, but especially when it
rains. At this period the boy is ex-
tremely honest. He always tells
what he thinks, and worse than all,
what his mother and sister think.
This boy forgets nothing, and his
memory is simply wonderful.

After a hiatus of some four years,
the boy was again introduced at the
age of twelve years. Life to him
was one long April-fool day. This
boy could run farther, eat more and
sleep longer, than anything created.
At this period he has fewer friends
and sympathizers than at any time of
his life. In fact, the only friend he
now has is his mother. To other
people he is apt to be just—"That
boy!" The Bishop contrasted the
life of a girl of eleven years with that
of a boy, and thought the girl had
much the better time of it. She was
dressed neatly and was the pride of
the family, while the boy was al-
ways dirty and incorrigible. At this
period of the boy's life he formed a
far better estimate of his father than
his father did of him.

The last picture of a boy's life was
at the age of sixteen. This glimpse
of the boy is very brief, and "a dis-
solving view," for he now believes
himself to be a man. Now he washes
in perfumed soap, parts his hair care-
fully, takes great pride in his dress,
especially his cravats. Very soon he
begins to shave, and shaves with a
fixed purpose—to raise a moustache
and a beard.

At this time he has opinions, and
the questions of theology which have
bothered theologians for centuries,
are decided by him off-hand. He
knows everything worth knowing;
perhaps he calls his father the "gov-
ernor," and makes great pretenses of
authority in the household. Confi-
dence in himself is unlimited and ag-
gressive. But at this period his love
for his mother is shown in its first
manly light, and is often a most
pleasing trait of his character.

In closing, the Bishop urges three
things in this boy's behalf: He
would have the boy attend public
service in church every Sunday; he
believed that all boys should be sent
to public schools, and urged that the
best teachers be selected; and lastly,
the boy should never cease to feel
the influences of home life. The
home should be made pleasant, and
he severely condemned a parlor from
which the boy, at any age, is exclud-
ed.

TWO OR THREE LITTLE BULLIES.

Tommy Johnson was a strong,
bright boy, seven years old. He
had a temper that would bear noth-
ing. All the little boys had to mind
him, and nearly all the boys of his
own size found trouble to live in
peace with him. He drove his little
playmates about, made them pull him
in wagons, carry his sled up to the
top of the hill, slapped them in the
face when they said anything he did
not like, made them share their cakes
and candies with him, and always
took the largest piece. When he
had anything to give them, instead
of nicely handing it to them, he
would throw it at them.

This went on until Tommy went
to a school where there was another
bully just like himself. They got
acquainted the first day, and the
next day this boy, whose name was
Willie Brown, said something Tom-
my did not like, and Tommy struck
him. Willie was a little stronger,
and he pounded Tommy until the
teacher came and took them apart.
After that Tommy was as cowardly
as he had before seemed brave.

Willie Brown was the bully until
another boy named Sammy Stokes
came to the school, and he whipped
Willie, and so they kept on.

Johnny Watson, who went to the
same school, was a sensible, bright
boy, who saw this, and said, "Why
should any boy want to be a bully?
Nobody loves him, and after awhile
somebody comes along and whips
him. I think I shall try to be kind
to everybody." By this time Tommy
Johnson had got to be quite a sensi-
ble, good boy, and he said to Johnny,
"That is so, Johnny, I used to be a
bully, but there is a better way; that
is, to be kind and just and true to
everybody."

A SMART GOOSE.

It has always been the custom to
use the name of a goose to signify
some one who is silly and knows very
little. A lady told me lately that she
thinks hens know the least of all liv-
ing creatures; and as she owns a
great many, and has a good chance
to watch them, we may have to change
this custom and say that silly people
are "regular chickens." This story
is told in one of the daily papers:

"Geese have the name of being
not more than half smart; but Farmer
George Piper of Andes Flats has one
that seems to have a large share of
horse sense. In the first place, it has
a peculiar fondness for the roots of
dandelion. It hunts all over the field
for its favorite food, but does not eat
any of the roots until it has gathered
a peck or so of them. Then the
goose carries them to a little stream
near by and dips them in the water
until the dirt is all rinsed off of them,
when she eats them at her leisure,
never failing to offer a portion of
them to other members of the flock;
but only one or two of the others will
partake of the feast.

"But this goose did something the
other day that marked her specially
as a goose among geese. She has no
goslings, but one of the other geese
has a big brood of them. The smart
goose is very fond of the downy brood,
and keeps a watchful eye on them.
On the day in question she was ac-
companying the mother goose and
her goslings to have a swim. As
they were passing a barnyard, a big
barn rat darted out from the yard,
boldly seized one of the goslings, and
began to drag it away. The mother
of the goslings stood still and hissed
and squawked, but the other goose
rushed after the rat and seized him
with her bill by the scruff of the
neck. The rat dropped the gosling,
but the goose didn't drop the rat. She
marched him off to the creek,
doused him under the water, and
held him there until he was drowned.
Then she took him and poked him
through the fence into a yard where
a number of hogs were kept, and they
ate him up."—Indian Witness.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

See what room the Lord makes for
lowly workers. In paradise itself he
gave the first man the post of garden-
er. When he himself comes into the
world it is as the little babe wrapped
in the swaddling clothes, and when
he comes to be a man he is known as
the carpenter. He seems to choose
the lowly things of the earth for his
service. His disciples are fishermen.
He bids them consider the fowls of
the air and the flowers of the field, as
if he made these his duly appointed
preachers. It is the grain of mustard
seed that is the emblem of the king-
dom of heaven, and the leaven hidden
in the meal. When the disciples were
quarreling as to which of them should
be the greatest, he takes a child and
sets him in their midst—the little boy
with the great wondering eyes look-
ing into the Master's face and the
disciples bending around him, the
Master's arm about the lad as if it
were his own—"Fear not!" If they
would be greatest they must become
as this little child, and thus should
they enter into the kingdom of heav-
en. The Lord does not want splendid
workers so much as he wants simple
and loving souls that are altogether
given up to him. It is the song of
the little children that he would not
suffer to be silenced, and it was the
mite of the poor widow that he com-
mended more than all the golden
gifts of the rich. Our Master has a
wonderful eye for the service of the
little and the lowly.—Mark Guy
Pearse.

The Church is not a social club,
nor an aesthetic confectioner's, nor an
intellectual prize-ring, nor a mutual
admiration society, nor a spiritual
hammock; but a workshop in which
you are a worker—do not quarrel
with your tools; an army in which
you are a soldier—do not stain your
honor; a republic of which you are a
citizen—do not be disloyal to her
history or her claims; a body of which
you are a member—do not become par-
alyzed or diseased; a family in which
the old are not to be arrogant, nor
the young presumptuous; but each
serving the other.—Rev. Wallace Rad-
cliffe, quoted in *Christian Union*.

Narrow is the mansion of my soul;
enlarge it, that Thou mayest enter
in! When the soul layeth in it-
self, it is proud, making itself the
chief object, which God is.—Saint
Augustine.

The aged man is the high priest of
the past, which does not prevent his
being the prophet of the future.

THE SPECIE-ROOM ON SHIPBOARD

In these days of heavy gold ship-
ments, the specie-room on the steam-
ship is a very important institution.
It is located in an out-of-the-way
place amidships, under the saloon.
Few of the passengers know of its
existence, or of the valuable treasure
that is carried across the ocean with
them. The room varies slightly on
different ships, but is usually about
16 feet long, by 10 feet wide, and 8
feet high. It is constructed of steel
plates one-quarter of an inch thick,
and strongly riveted together. The
floor, the ceiling, and the walls are
all of steel plates. There is a heavy
door also made of steel. It is pro-
vided with two English "Chub" locks,
a variety of combination lock that is
said to be burglar-proof. The gold
and silver is usually in bars, but
occasionally a quantity of coin in bags
is shipped. This was the case when
the heavy shipments of gold were
made last spring. The "Majestic" is
credited with carrying the largest
quantity, her strong box having \$4,-
500,000 entrusted to it for safe keep-
ing.—From "The Ocean Steamship as a
Freight Carrier," by John H. Gould, in
Scribner's.

Talk of hair-cloth shirts, and
scourgings, and sleeping on ashes,
as means of saintship! There is no
need of them in our country. Let a
woman once look at her domestic
trials as her hair-cloth, her ashes, her
scourgings—accept them, rejoice in
them; smile, and be quiet, silent, pa-
tient and loving under them—and
the convent can teach her no more;
she is a victorious saint.—H. B. Stowe.

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HAY AND GRAIN

AT OLD STAND.

Miscellany.

Sir Launfal and the Leper.

Sir Launfal said: "Behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and
scorns—

And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side;
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughty guise
He had flung an alms to leprosy,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail,
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust;
He broke the ice in the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl—
Yet with fine wheat bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty
soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining, and tall, and fair, and straight
As the pillar that stood at the beautiful gate,
Himself the gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from
the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the
brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence,
said:

"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body, broken for thee,
This water his blood that died on the tree;
The holy supper is kept, indeed,
In what we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself, with his alms, feeds three—
Himself, his hungry neighbor, and me."
—James Russell Lowell.

AN OLD CUSTOM.

Plutarch tells us, in his reply to
one of his own Roman questions, that
possibly a good reason for the cus-
tom of kissing was that women were
forbidden to drink wine, and there-
fore that those who did defiantly
dare to drink might not be undis-
covered, but certainly convicted when
they met with an acquaintance, kiss-
ing became a custom. With all def-
erence to the pleasant ancient, it
seems to us that he went very far
out of his way, and that on the whole
nothing more vulgar could be said of
the sweet custom of saluting with the
lips, whether it is in the meeting of
acquaintance, in the caressing of
children, or in the embrace of lovers.
A modern speaks with less hypocrisy
—for it is to be supposed that Plu-
tarch never kissed his lovely wife ex-
cept to learn whether or not she had
been at his wine jars, and never loved
to kiss her?—and more sympathy in
the little quotation:

"And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love—
Waiting, wasting, suffering much."

No such artificial derivation as this
surveillance concerning a forbidden
indulgence is needed for the kiss—
the first innocent expression of the
baby that rubs its delicious little
mouth across its mother's cheek; the
satisfaction of a mother's yearning
over her child; the natural greeting
of friend and friend wherever stiff
and cold formality has not stepped
between; the rapturous interchange
of lovers. And, indeed, it is for more
than any of all this that the kiss
stands, for it is the word always used
in the Hebrew to express worship,
and the prophets refer to the use of
the kiss as a ceremonial of sacred
and heathen worship. "And now they
sin more and more," says Hosea, "and
have made them molten images of
their silver, and idols according to
their own understanding, all of it the
work of the craftsmen," they say of
them, "Let the men that sacrifice kiss
the calves"; and it is Job who im-
precates the punishment of iniquity
upon himself if he has joined in the
rites of those who worship the objects
of nature rather than their Creator:
"If I beheld the sun when it shined,
or the moon walking in brightness,"
he declared, "and my heart hath been
secretly enticed, or my mouth hath
kissed my hand; this also were an in-
iquity to be punished by the judge."

Certainly, the kiss was in existence
long before the fermentation of
liquors for a beverage was discover-
ed; and even if Adam did not greet
Eve with a kiss when he awoke with
morning and her in Paradise, he was
not the man we take him to have
been. When Peter and Paul end
their letters to their followers in the
Eastern cities with the injunction to
salute one another with a holy kiss,
they scarcely had anything of Plu-
tarch's idea in their mind; and it was
from no sinister motive that the kiss
of peace was established in the rites
of the Church; indeed, our very term,
"adoration" implies a kiss, for it means
literally the touch of the mouth.
Kissing, in fact, is so natural a ten-
dency that even the lower animals try
to express their affection for each
other or for mankind in that way—
the doves that bill, the parrot that
pecks at the lip of his mistress, the
dog that licks his master's hand, all
making the one vain effort; and few
things are more pathetic than this
dumb-show with the melancholy eyes
and the great heart.

It is not uninteresting to observe
the part which this little affair of the
kiss has played and still plays in pol-
itics, though it is the degradation of a
sweet custom. It is a portion of
almost all court forms, in Spain there
being certain days of state appointed
for the kissing of the royal hand, in
Russia, when the emperor lies dead,
all the court deffling before the gor-
geous catafalque and kissing the cold
waxen hand, and at the papal court
the kissing of the cross upon the
Pope's slipper having a word for it-
self which is never used in any other
connection—le baisement des pieds.
What servility, what disgust, what
scorn and hate, may be compressed
in these kisses only those who kiss
can tell; and for the rest, there have
been fierce death-dealing kisses on
poisoned glove tips, and on poisoned
lips in the medieval and Medicean
days, that only the kiss of Judas could
outvie.

With what wonderful variation may
the changes on the kiss be played!
There are the kiss of blessing on the
brow, the kiss of caressing on the
soft, smooth cheek, the kiss of pas-
sion on the lips, the kiss of authority
on the hand, the kiss of submission
on the foot, the kiss of absolute hu-
miliation, as given by Orientals and
Eastern Europeans to-day, on the
ground where the superior foot has
trodden. But of them all the most
precious kiss is that which the baby
gives, with such laughing, crowing
pride and pleasure, the first time it
has learned to smack its little flower-
sweet and delightful lips.—*Harper's
Bazar.*

STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The length of time you can appro-
priate to the daily devotional reading
of the Scriptures must be a good
deal regulated by circumstances; but
if your heart is really interested, you
will forego indifferent occupations,
rather than abridge this. The length
of the portion read must also vary
according to the view with which you
read, for the Bible is a new book ev-
ery time we take it up with a new
purpose. Sometimes it would be ad-
vantageous for you to read it in
masses, many chapters at once, that
you may see their connection, gather
the general line of argument, trace
the succession of incidents, the de-
velopment of human character, the
fulfilling of God's purpose. At an-
other time it would be well for you
to take a small portion and dissect it
thoroughly, marking every emphatic
verse, and every striking phrase, un-
til your memory will enable you to
do it without noting, by the aid of a
concordance, any similar incident,
precept, doctrine or expression, in
the margin. If you read with inter-
est and attention, you will soon dis-
cover the parallel passages for your-
self. Both your ears and eyes will
be quickened; your memory being
ever in requisition, will be in
readiness, and many sweet and in-
structive thoughts will arise in your
mind whilst comparing one page of
inspiration with another. When I
thus advise you to make, as much as
possible, Scripture its own commen-
tary, I hope you will. Now, suppose
that I should set your people in the
seat of their elders, or should express
myself other than with reverence of
those *divines* whose annotations on
the Scriptures are equally sound and
Scriptural? But the use of their val-
uable labors should encourage, not
supersede, our own. The mind that
habitually submits itself to be a pas-
sive recipient of the ideas of others,
however correct and judicious those
thoughts may be, is certainly an in-
dolent mind, without being of nec-
essity an humble one. "Search the
Scriptures," is an unlimited, an un-
iversal command, as applicable to the
peasant and the child as to any
student of prophecy or professor of
sacred literature, if the object of that
search be to find "Him of whom Moses
in the law, and the prophets did
write." Perhaps our Saviour's ex-
pression, "The one ought ye to do,
and not to leave the other undone,"
applies with a happy discrimination
to the relative duty of studying the
Scriptures without any human aids;
and, again, of thankfully employing
such aids, when offered by such as
are competent to them. But how
vain will be your reading, how vain
your interest in what you read, how
vain your search after truth, if you
do not "seek first the kingdom of
God, and his righteousness"; "if you
do not pray his enlightening Spirit.
Without this, your imagination may
be charmed, your sensibility excited,
and your mind enriched; but your
heart will continue at enmity with
God. So, then, you must pray, and
pray first for a praying spirit, or even
the Word of God will profit nothing.
But ask God to be his own interpreter,
and he will make that word plain;
and not only plain, but precious. Its
treasures may at first be hidden,
but none ever rightly sought without
finding, and none ever found without
being satisfied. Read with expecta-
tion; read with reverence; read for
yourself; read with prayer. Then
will you seldom lay down that Book
without some apprehension of Si-
meon's joyful feeling, "Mine eyes have
seen thy salvation."—*Ex.*

Ours is a religion little in its de-
mands, but how infinitely prodigal in
its gifts! It troubles you for an hour,
and repays you by immortality.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

Trust in God.

Trust in Him who loves thee,
And seek his tender care,
Always looking to God,
For blessings rich and rare,
He can do all things,
And in love will spare.

Guard well thy words with care,
And have thoughts pure and good,
Looking alone to God
For aid and daily food,
He can do all things,
And in love will spare.

Yes, spare from his rich store,
Gifts great and grand and new;
Trust to his Providence,
And he will lead you through;
He can do all things,
And in love will spare.

Now the day is passing,
Do all you can, and say,
To those who are struggling,
Christ is the living way;
He can do all things,
And in love will spare.

MARIE E. LEEDS.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Ex-Representative Price recently
made a stirring speech which con-
tained some ugly facts about the in-
crease of drunkenness, which he said
was greater than that of any other
evil. Said he: "Crime comes from
the grog-shops, and grog-shops exist
because public sentiment is not
strong enough against them. It is
impossible to get a resolution through
the House of Representatives even to
investigate the business. Some pro-
gress has been made. There is a
host against the liquor traffic, but it
is a sad fact that the majority is on
the other side. There are one hun-
dred churches in Washington, and
every church is surrounded by ten
saloons. Congress is debating whether
it should spend \$5,000,000 to civi-
lize the Indian tribes, talking loudly,
learnedly, and lengthily over it; yet
\$5,000,000 is spent for whisky in
Washington every year. The money
expended in running the churches is
but half a million." Here is an idea
worth thinking about: For every dol-
lar spent on the churches of the Na-
tional Capital ten dollars are spent
on the saloon. Mr. Price concluded
by advising his hearers to boycott
every grocer who sells liquor. The
Secretary's report called attention to
the facts, supported by statistics, that
the United States ranks first in crime
among the nations of the world; that
forty years ago there was one criminal
to every 3,500 inhabitants, while
now there is one to every 700 inhabi-
tants, and the number of institutions
for the shelter of criminals and pau-
pers are increasing in a like ratio.
Yet our legislators can find no time
to consider the temperance question.
The movement just started in Phila-
delphia, to do away with the slums of
that city by erecting model tenement
houses, to be rented to the poor for
the same price they pay for the squal-
id alley quarters they now occupy, is
being watched with much interest by
Washingtonians engaged in trying to
benefit morally and physically the
residents of our own slums. Wash-
ington has not so great an area of
slums as some of the larger commercial
cities, but there is quite enough de-
pravity and suffering in its alleys to
wring the hearts of those familiar
with it, and to cause them to be inter-
ested in any plan which promises to
either lessen or eradicate it. Those
who have studied the subject care-
fully claim that the inhabitants of
the slums in all cities may be com-
fortably housed where they will have
healthy and good surroundings for
the same money they now pay for liv-
ing where the surroundings all tend
to viciousness and unhealthiness; and,
what is of more importance to the
average capitalist, that it can be done
at a fair profit upon the money re-
quired to be invested. If these claims
are proved to be true by the experi-
ments to be tried in Philadelphia, it
will only be a question of time when
the slums in our large cities will dis-
appear, and with them will go the
rum-sellers who now thrive upon the
trade of those who live in them, while
helping to fill the prisons, orphan
asylums, and other charitable institu-
tions. It is a subject in which every
well-wisher of humankind may well
be interested; for disguise it or shirk
it as we may, we are, to the extent
of our opportunities, responsible
for the condition of our fellow-beings.
Let us all remember the parable of
the talents.

Secretary Noble has consented to
have a number of Indian children
taken from the Ramona school in New
Mexico, which was founded by Mrs.
Helen Hunt Jackson some years be-
fore her death, to the World's Fair to
assist in illustrating the methods of
Indian education. They will be in
charge of the Board of Lady Manag-
ers, and will remain in Chicago dur-
ing the Exposition.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 1, 1893.

REPORTERS GO TO CHURCH.

The Chicago *Tribune* recently re-
vived an ancient scheme for testing
the genuineness of Christian charity
among the worshippers in fashionable
churches.

A large corps of reporters, male
and female, disguised themselves as
"poor but honest" laboring folks,
and "took in" the ultra-fashionable
churches of Chicago. The result was
a revelation. However it may have
been thirty years ago, it appears that
the poor are now welcome in the aris-
tocratic churches. Our reporters were

quite unable to dish up sensational
descriptions of beautiful hypocrites
clothed in silk and satin, and cold
shoulders robed in priceless sealskin.
Nor could they quote Tennyson's—

"Curving a contemptuous lip,
Gorgonzola me from head to foot
With a stony British stare."

On the contrary, nothing could be
sweeter and completer than the
warmth and loving kindness accorded
these journalistic frauds. The old
coats, frayed gloves, shapeless boots
and shocking bad hats were taken in-
to the best pews, with an unsuspect-
ing hospitality that should have
brought blushes of shame to the
hardened cheek. Women of highest
social prestige offered prayer books
and hymn books with smiles of gra-
cious courtesy.

A contemporary says: "One young
man shined himself up in a sleek and
glossy old suit and went to that high-
ly fashionable church, the Epiphany;
and, with his old slouch hat under his
arm, and the collar of his blue
flannel shirt flapping around unre-
strained by a necktie, he was shown
to a seat in the midst of finely dress-
ed worshippers, and that was all there
was of it, except for once the reporter
heard a sermon."

The same simple Christian courtesy
was extended to reporters who vis-
ited St. James church, Third Presby-
terian, New England church, and others,
conclusively demonstrating the
fact that a spirit of "pure religion
and undefiled" permeates the churches
of all denominations. If it were ever
true that the humble stranger was
often treated with supercilious inhos-
pitality in the vestibule of the fash-
ionable church, that day is long past,
with the era of witchcraft and other
traditions of ignominy.

May we not deduce the moral that
the millennium is near, and that the
Church not only preaches, but prac-
tices the religion of Christ embodied
in his new gospel? "A new com-
mandment I give unto you, that ye
love one another."—*Ex.*

ENTER INTO THY CLOSET.

"Use sometimes to be alone."
What beautiful words from dear
George Herbert! Distrust a man
who does not love retirement in se-
son. Amusement courts society, but
religion loves solitude. From of old,
the worshiper, like Abraham, seeks
the heights. You may place a shrine
by the wayside, but the altar in the
market-place has few worshippers.
The first rule of worship is, "Enter
into thy closet." Even in the house
of public prayer we cannot pray with
open eyes. The soul must make for
itself isolation where it has sought
companionship. The ancient Roman,
when he found the city of Jerusalem
at his feet, was awed by the awful
loneliness of the Holy of Holies. The
hermit fled from the *agora* to the
mountain cell, never vice versa. Spirit-
uality is impossible in a crowd, and
the city pastor labors under a disad-
vantage which the country brother
little realizes. The "first temples"
are still the best.—*Interior.*

Phillips Brooks.

His memory is a Christian date,
His work a chapter from the skies;
Nor earth a life so good and great
To latest time can cease to prize.
For love that made his grandeur sweet
In his glad words to men will come,
And hearts that knew him not will beat
To name our New World Christosom.

—Theron Brown, in the Transcript.

Egypt contains a population of
about 7,000,000, of which more than
6,000,000 are Mohammedans. The
Copts number not far from 400,000,
and the other nominal Christians are
divided between the Greeks, Syrians,
and Roman Catholics. The ruling
language of the country is Arabic.
Alexandria is a city of about 300,000
inhabitants, while Cairo approaches
to 500,000, is much the largest city
in Africa, and next to Constantinople
is the largest in the Turkish empire.
Here is the seat of the chief Moham-
medan University, with its more than
300 teachers and 10,000 to 12,000
students, attracted thither from well-
nigh every country of the East.—
Dr. Leonard in Missionary Review.

The American Board is beginning
a mission to Gazaland, a beautiful
portion of South Africa that used to
be under the influence of Portugal,
but which is now to be opened up
by the British South African Com-
pany in connection with Mashona-
land.



Rosy cheeks are
not made from
the outside. Pure
blood, an active
liver, good ap-
petite and diges-
tion—these are the
things that give
them. And these
are the things that
you get with Dr.
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First and foremost, and above all things,
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to do good, but all the year round, it cleanses,
renews and invigorates the system, rouses
every organ into healthy action, and drives
out blood-poisons of every name and nature.
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stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, such as
Salt-rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, and
all diseases or disorders caused by a torpid
liver or impure blood, nothing can equal it
as a remedy.
If any thing could, it would be guaran-
teed, just as the "Discovery" is. If that
fails to benefit or cure, you have your money
back. In any thing that isn't sold in this way
likely to be "just as good!"
See that you get the genuine medicine.

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[This is the title of a book by A. C. Row,
M. A., addressed to busy people.]

The author of this little book has done an
excellent and a timely work. His thorough
scholarship, wide reading, careful study, rever-
ent and devout spirit, and skillful use of lan-
guage are all worthily applied in this vigorous
and valuable clearing away the mists and doubts
which modern unbelief is busily seeking to gather
about the truth as it is in Christ.

We doubt if any better book exists for use as
a text-book by the Young People's Society of
Christian Endeavor, or any similar society of
young people (or old, for that matter), to equip
them for defending their Christian confession.
The arguments are condensed and compact—
clear to the comprehension of all who desire to
think at all of "their reasons for the hope that
is in them."

An honest sceptic, or any doubter, who is
more anxious to learn the truth than to cavil or
to sneer, will find most kind and candid treat-
ment of his views in this book, with the largest
concession to the claims of reason and of com-
mon sense which objectors to Christianity
sometimes allege to be ruled out of court by
Christians, and believers, and writers.

Mr. Row, though still young, is an eminent
Christian scholar and theologian; was, a score
of years ago, senior wrangler at Cambridge
University, select preacher to the Queen, and
has won great fame in London by his attractive
extemporaneous preaching to great audiences
of the people, especially men and boys, who at
night services filled St. Paul's cathedral to
overflowing. This book is a condensation from
the author's larger books—"The Jesus of the
Evangelists," and "The Supernatural in the

New Testament," and, also, from his "Bampton
Lectures." Every Christian layman, or evan-
gelistic worker, or Sunday-school teacher,
should own this book, and should also own
spare copies, strongly bound, to lend to every
candid inquirer for the reasonableness of Chris-
tianity's claims upon human belief. Buy it,
and see if this is not so. It is readable and
attractive to any one who desires to be a care-
ful thinker, and there is not a dull page in the
book. (Thomas Whitaker, 2 & 3 Bible House,
New York. New edition, price, paper, 25 cents;
cloth, 75 cents; American Tract Society, 735
Market street, San Francisco.)

EDWARD KIMBALL.

It is in suffering that God has
most nearly approached to man; it is
by suffering that man draws nearest
to God.—*Madame Swetchine.*

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES.

The school of our young country church at Flinn Valley, San Diego county, has used the Lessons, "A Story of the Life of Jesus the Christ," for one quarter, and orders for the second quarter. They are found very interesting.

The First Congregational Sunday-school of Los Angeles is doing thorough work with the Lessons. It prepares the quarterly temperance lesson, and has it carefully presented by special teaching, besides giving ten minutes to some special temperance worker.

Easter Sunday comes early this year. Schools ought already to be preparing their concert. The exercise found in the March *Pilgrim Teacher* is an excellent one, on the topic "Hope."

The excessive rain of Sunday, March 5th, postponed the communion season in most of our churches.

Dr. Hutchins, at First Congregational church, Los Angeles, is preaching a series of six Sunday evening sermons on "The Gospel in Proverbs and Maxims." On March 5th, the proverb, "The road to hell is paved with good intentions," was handled in a way not only to interest, but also to seriously impress all who heard.

Last week the Statistical Secretary of Southern California received church reports from the following: Bakersfield; Park and Third, Los Angeles; Rosedale; and Bethel, San Bernardino.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Four young men students united with the church at its last communion, March 5th—three by letter and one on confession of faith. Professor Sumner preached.

The "Howard Bell," in Holmes Hall, which has been ringing the hours for classes and other college exercises for two weeks, has added much to the real college feeling of the community.

The *Student*, issued last week, notes the increasing force and value of the social life of Claremont. The Cactus Club has fortnightly meetings to read Shakespeare's historical plays. There have been several "evenings with the poets" spent enjoyably in the last two months—with Tennyson, with the five great poets, and with Browning. There was a George and Martha Washington reception with Mrs. Deszendorf, and the Juniors and Sophomores celebrated Longfellow's birthday with Mrs. Colcord. On the 9th inst. a Fagot Party at Claremont Hall was unusually rich in martyr's testimonies.

It was a beautiful sight last Thursday morning when the snow covered the mountains and foothills from old Baldy's crest to the edge of the Mesa. Many students went up to get a realizing sense of the winter sports of the larger part of our country.

Mr. Thomas D. Bray of Monrovia is building a blacksmith shop on Alexander avenue, not far from the station. He and his family will add to the religious forces of the community, as well as to its business interests.

Dr. Kittredge of Santa Barbara has become one of us, with an office at Mrs. Jenks', and a pleasant word and helpful deed everywhere.

Professor Hall of Yankton College, Professor of English Literature, is taking a needed rest of a few weeks at Claremont.

Mr. Peter Flemming's fine house, just opposite President Baldwin's, is nearly finished, and will be occupied soon. Dr. J. H. Harwood has engaged the house which Mr. Flemming will vacate.

BETHLEHEM CHURCH.

FROM THE LAST QUARTERLY REPORT OF ITS PASTOR.

"Since the 1st of January I have been able to hold two services on Sunday besides attending and taking part in the Sunday-school. A Teachers' Meeting has been started, and is attended by members of the church—teachers and others. The average attendance has been over thirty. The Sunday-school has crowded the capacity of our little room (144 being the largest number present), and rendered it difficult to group the children in classes. Two families have been united in Christ during the quarter; two men have been rescued from drink, and are now in good situations doing honest work. At least one family altar has been erected in a home hitherto Christian, but without the family altar; and one man who had been opening his store on Sundays has closed it, and said it should never be opened again between Saturday night and Monday morning.

"Perhaps the most important action taken by our church as a body has been the adopting of a number of temperance resolutions which render it impossible for any one who uses liquor as a beverage, or who has aught to do with the handling or selling of the same for such use, to be a member of Bethlehem. As a result, one Scotchman, who was foreman in a soda water establishment which al-

so bottled beer, resigned his position, and is now asking the Father to give him employment where he can work and serve God according to the dictates of his conscience. The stand he has taken has been salutary in its influence on the church, and has brought a special spiritual blessing upon the man himself.

"Our church building enterprise is at a critical point just now. We have subscriptions amounting to nearly \$7,000, and are now collecting our subscriptions; but our building calls for a larger sum of money than we at first contemplated, and we are compelled either to raise more money or to change our building. The former presents great difficulties; the latter, greater difficulties. We cannot abandon our plan of putting up a building for institutional work that will save the community, for a plan that may help the community. The difference between abundant success and partial success is the difference between our present plans and those that will cost less money. With the promises of God on our side, we cannot think of changing our plans. We must raise the money. The Master alone knows how it will be done.

"On the lot we purchased, at a cost of \$3,650, were three small buildings. By buying an addition to our lot of 38 1-2 feet by 25 feet, and consolidating the buildings, we can have a parsonage property worth not less than \$2,000. This work we are now doing, and friends have already given us part of the money needed. The Lord's hand is seen in all the thoughtful and prayerful steps we have taken for him. He keeps the way open far enough in front of us to show us the path of duty. We pray that we may be accepted of him.

THAT \$20 GOLD PIECE.

He is not a rich man, neither would he be called a poor man. He has the means of the average Southern California grain-raiser. He gives \$20 a year to home missions. Let me tell you how he was led to do this.

He went to church on Home Mission Sunday, two years ago, with three pieces of money in his pocket—two \$1 pieces and a \$20 gold piece. He intended to give one of the \$1 pieces; that was his intention when he went to church that morning. But as he listened to the sermon he began to feel that perhaps he ought to give more than that; and finally he said to himself, "I will let the Lord settle the matter for me."

When the basket was passed to him he put his hand in his pocket, and grasping the coin he first got hold of he dropped it into the basket without looking to see which coin he had given. He waited until he was at home before examining the remaining contents of that pocket. Then he found he had given the \$20 gold piece.

"The year that followed was a very prosperous year with me," he says, "and I feel sure that the Lord knew better than I did how much I could afford to give that day for home missions. I see no reason why I should not give the same amount this year."

And he has given it.

"PARACLETOS, OR, THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT."

This new book, by Rev. Sherlock Bristol, well known and revered among us, may be regarded as a special message to the churches of California. It does not, like the more pretentious work of Dr. James B. Walker, propose to set before us the philosophy of the work of the Holy Spirit. It is eminently practical in its design. It is in accord, indeed, with the truest spiritual philosophy, but the philosophy is kept in the background. It is the work of one who has tasted and seen the truth of which he writes, and who writes that others may be moved to taste and see. The author's clear conviction that he has a message to the churches, which the churches need to receive, prevades the book from the preface to the conclusion. He comes to us as a witness from the Lord, speaking that he does know, and testifying that he does understand concerning a most important yet much neglected doctrine of the Word. He comes as a prophet looking out upon a valley of dry bones, and saying, "O ye dry bones, hear the Word of the Lord!" "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live!"

He says to us lovingly and faithfully, God has a great blessing for you, my brother, which you need more than you need wealth, or learning, or any earthly good—the Baptism of the Spirit, the endowment of power from on high. You can have this blessing if you will; the Word says so, and many, I among them, have tried it and proved it to be true.

The book is not designed to be an exhaustive theological treatise on the nature and work of the Holy Spirit. It does not consider his work in conviction and regeneration, but, rather, his work in the Christian after regeneration. It keeps before us the sin-

gle inquiry, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" There is a Nathan-like directness about it that says to the reader, Thou art the man!

The gist of the work is found in the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth chapters, entitled severally, "The Promised Baptism Not Limited to Apostolic Times"; "The Personal Blessings it Imparts"; "The Help It Gives in Christian Work"; "Conditions of Its Bestowment."

While every man cannot be expected to read every good book, it is not too much to say that every member of our Congregational churches in Southern California should read this book. In it our own brother speaks to us as from the Lord. There is such simplicity, clearness and real earnestness in its appeal that the reader, having once begun to read, will read to the end with deepening interest. It is almost as much a story of the life of the author as is his former book, "The Pioneer Preacher." More truly is it a story of his inner life.

To one who reads the book in a spirit of candid inquiry, the Holy Spirit must become a living reality. It seems hardly possible that he could rest till he himself should be endowed with power from on high. This book has a higher mission than that of "The Pioneer Preacher." Let our churches receive its message, and the day of Pentecost will come again here in Southern California.

We could wish that the proof-reader had done his work more carefully, so that persons too nicely critical might have no temptation to turn away from the book on account of its minor and exterior blemishes; also, that the author had not so far heeded the suggestion of a brother minister as to add the chapter on the divinity and personality of the Holy Spirit. To us, it detracts from the simplicity and unity of the work. The subject of which the added chapter treats is, indeed, a most important one. So, also, are many other subdivisions of the great subject—the nature and work of the Holy Spirit; but the design of this book was to treat simply of what is called in the Scriptures the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and but for the introduction of this chapter the design of the author would have been fulfilled in the production of a work of great simplicity of purpose, and of a natural unity and progressiveness in its treatment of its important theme.

BUSINESS SUCCESS.

As a matter of fact, past, present, and now passing, a great deal of large business is not a success. The men or corporations engaged in it are of such large resources that the failure of the plan does not destroy them, and the evil comes on so slowly that they have time to adjust themselves to losses. About three years ago the cable road in Los Angeles was built. It was the pride of the city. Its catastrophe came financially because there was little money in at the bottom; but its catastrophe would have been as certain if it had had all the money required. Cheaper methods for level roads were on the way. More care in investigation would have decided against the road by the cable method. The trolley was in the field long before the road was finished, or even begun. Yet the San Diego cable was built afterward. To-day it is silent, and the trolley dominant and pushing. But the trolley has the death-mark on it no less certainly, and had before many roads now building were projected. The one-half of the investment in the overhead electric railroad will be wiped out within two years. It is as certain as it is that the cable road will not be built again in Southern California. Not a dollar could be now had for such a purpose except upon long, steep grades.

Why do men rush into these things? There are two main reasons:

First—All investors in "that which is" are anxious to believe their enterprise good. All the promoters of such enterprises, and they are legion, are anxious that nothing be said to weaken confidence in them. There are so many such men with financial interest at stake that they control, in large measure, the public information upon these matters. They influence to a very large degree the matter which appears in trade journals and in the daily and weekly press. I speak what is well known, as well known to those who are initiated as are now the press relations of the Panama Canal to the general public.

Second—The committee appointed to look up the matter and decide upon the merit of the system are men who think they know. Nothing is more dangerous than that state of mind. A little flattery, and the man is gone. He makes no "open-eyed" investigation. He is prejudiced at the start. The men who know so little that they look at everything which bears upon the question at issue, and use independent methods, are the men who keep up to date—who

learn by others' mistakes, instead of following like a lot of sheep.

The inside history of losses would be a revelation, indeed, to most people. General timidity has a solid foundation. C. G. B.

A DAY IN A GERMAN HOME.

BY REV. C. T. WEITZEL.

(Continued.)

It is a short cut to the market-place. Do you see the tons of vegetables for sale in the great square? Many, if not most of them, have been brought in from the fields adjoining our city on the heads of the market-women. At a railway station it is not unusual to see a broad-shouldered young student walking away to his hotel, followed by an old woman carrying his traveling-bag, or even trunk, upon her head.

But now that we are in the market, let us look about a little. It is a great jam at this time of day. For you must know that our housekeeper must do much more of her marketing away from her home than her American sister. No friendly grocer's wagon or enterprising butcher's cart drives up to her house to take her orders. No mellifluous celestial, or substitute therefor, comes to the kitchen door with garden produce. Armed with a large basket, the servant attends her mistress to the different stands on the market, and to the more permanent meat shops, to lay in the day's supply of food. Rain or shine, in summer's heat and winter's bitter cold, this out-door marketing goes on, and has to go on. And so, in all directions, you see the servants carrying home what we are in the habit of having brought in wagons to our very door.

But we have wandered up and down the rough cobblestones of the market-place long enough. We have duly admired the quaint old city hall, with its multitude of dormer windows, its gargoyles, rain spouts, its bell-tower—all of which have for centuries been witnesses of the changeable life in the square below. Suppose we follow the main street of the city which skirts one side of the market-place. It is lined with shops. But many of them you would hardly recognize as places of business. No nation in the world advertises so much, not only in the newspapers, but also in the show windows, as the American. No civilized nation in the world, perhaps, advertises so little, especially where its place of business is, as the German. You pass a house whose lower floor is dark, dingy, forbidding. If there a sign you had to hunt for it. And yet this is an important banking house, which has done business in this very place for 150 years. Nor is this an uncommon case. Speculation enters very little into the business of a German banker or merchant. He is content with slow, steady, safe returns for his investments. The result is a degree of permanence unknown to our feverish business methods in America. The father hands down his business to his son, and he to his son, and so the chain lengths from generation to generation. It must be confessed, however, that this element of unchangeableness sometimes almost approaches the point of stagnation. Fifteen years after I had studied my letters in the city of Stuttgart, I made a pilgrimage to the schoolhouse of my early boyhood days, only to find, upon inquiry, that Herr Bauezenberger, my former teacher (men teach primary scholars in Germany), was still instructing the little boys of the good old city how to read and write. What do you think of that for civil service reform? No one is dismissed but for cause. The superannuated are pensioned. Promotion is sure, but it may be fifteen years or so in coming.

Shall we go into this shop to inquire for that basket you were wanting? As you open the door a bell tinkles above you to announce your entrance. The owner at once steps forward to serve you, and before you speak a word discovers that you are a stranger. Your hat tells the story. It is customary for gentlemen to take off the hat on entering any ordinary store or place of business. You have failed to do this, and are forgiven, but recognized, and are permitted to pay ten marks instead of eight for that same basket. As the day goes on, you learn that the German is curiously polite in some matters, and curiously impolite in others. Gentlemen, on meeting each other on the street, or in being introduced to each other, are particular to lift the hat, and often make a ceremonious bow. At a hotel table your neighbor across the way and at either side of you wishes you a good appetite, and, upon rising from his seat, looks at you with a kindly smile, saying, "May your food be blessed!" A wagfish student at Heidelberg, having invited some fellow-Americans to dine with him, was asked by his polite landlady, "What do you say in America when you sit down to the table? You know we say, 'Guten appetit,' or, 'Wohl bekommen.' Now, what do you say?" "Oh," he answered, "we say, 'Pitch in.' The hour for dinner came. The young Americans were all seated, and everything was in readiness to begin, when the company were startled by the very unexpected invitation from their smiling hostess, "Pitch in, gentlemen."

Ah! here we are at the University building. It is close upon the hour for lectures. We will linger a few moments to study the time-stained but still beautiful frescoes on the walls and ceilings of this quaint old passage-way connecting two wings of the gloomy-looking quadrangle of buildings. Let us join this crowd of students rapidly filling a lecture-room holding seats and desks for 200. The professor's box is empty as yet. There is a perfect babel of voices. Suddenly every sound is hushed. The students rise from their seats as one man. The door into the room has opened, and, punctual on the minute, the professor enters with swift step, while all in the room remain standing in respectful silence until he enters his box, when the students sink into their seats, and the lecture at once begins.

You have had another illustration of German politeness. I might add, you have another illustration of respect for authority. The *enfant terrible* is almost unknown in Germany. Youth is not encouraged to show how smart it can be. There is a deference of youth to age, of scholar to teacher, of clerk to employer, of maid to mistress, of a public servant to the public, for which we look in vain in our own glorious Republic. The lordly hotel clerk has no existence. The proprietor, the head waiter, the gold-laced porter—if these lord it over any one, it is not over the guest. They never forget that they are the guests' servants. Naturally, the military system and the time-honored rather rigid social distinctions have tended to develop in the German a spirit of obedience, deference, submission toward his superiors, on the one hand, and of strict, exacting authority toward his inferiors on the other.

I said the German was often curiously impolite. Many a German gentleman is sadly in need of a few lessons in the chivalrous attentiveness and gentle consideration paid to woman in our own country. At his table he expects to be served first, his wife last. On the horse-car he calmly keeps his seat, though a tired woman or even a well-dressed lady has to stand. Some years ago I was taking the trip from Leipzig to Dresden. As on nearly all European roads, each car of the train was divided into five or six compartments, or coupes. These were classified into ladies' coupes (for ladies exclusively), smoking coupes (for smokers only), and non-smoking coupes (for men and women who objected to smoke). Into one of these last we entered, the little tin label not distinctly designating what kind of a coupe it was. An officer of the Prussian Army occupied one corner of the coupe. Presently, without a word of apology, or an inquiry of the lady of our party as to whether she would be annoyed, he calmly lighted a cigar, and began to fill the small compartment with smoke. His attention was politely called to the fact that he was in a non-smoking coupe; but he paid no regard to this hint. He was then urged to either put out his cigar, or change at the next station into a coupe for smokers, as the smoke was highly offensive to the ladies in our party. This also failed to make any impression, and, in self-defense, unwilling to create a disturbance and insist upon our rights, we ourselves changed coupes at the next station. I believe this to be an extreme case, but one indicating not only the occasional insolence of the army toward civilians, and even foreigners, but also a widespread lack of that gentle courtesy to wife, mother, sister, woman everywhere, which, happily, is so general in America.

But to return to our ramble through the city. We are out upon the street once more. What is this apparition? A slim boy, his head covered with a skull-cap of leather, his whole body encased in leather, and the whole—cap, vest, pantaloons, face, hands and bare feet covered with soot. The ladder and the coil of rope on his shoulder help to explain his business. He is a chimney-sweep, and so uncanny an object is he that the little children may well think he is an imp of darkness, and flee in terror from him as from a demon.

The chimney-sweep, however, is not the only person whose work and station may be distinguished by his dress. A servant is not likely to be taken for her mistress in a German city. On week days, at all events, it is an easy matter to guess a workman's trade or business. He freely wears upon the street the clothing suitable to his work, be it that of butcher, baker, cobbler, blacksmith, or carpenter. There is little of that mischievous ambition, so prevalent in our own land of liberty and equality, to wear as fine clothes, and make as good a show, as anybody. No one is ashamed of his business. Each is content to be known and seen for exactly what he is.

We are now at the end of our street, and issue forth into a beautiful avenue not less than 150 feet wide, well shaded by trees. It marks the limits of the Altstadt, or the old city, and the beginnings of the Neustadt, or the new city. The walls of medieval times have been levelled, and the moat filled up, and in their place we have this delightful refuge from the narrow streets and alleys of the inner city.

The church towers are striking the hour of noon. Hardly has the last stroke died away when strains of military music fill the air, and you see approaching the garrison band, taking their daily mid-day march down King street from their barracks to the great square in front of the royal palace. The music of this band of forty instruments is worth hearing. Shall we sit down in the arbor of this little coffee-house and sip a cup of their delicious chocolate, while we watch the crowds and enjoy the concert? See, close by us is one of the prettiest railway stations in all Europe. Across the way are the newer shops and bazars of the city. On another side is the royal theater. It is, in fact, one of the meeting places for the people. The school children are sporting about in the paths of the miniature park which surrounds the music pavilion, or are watching the gold-fish in the pond. University students are here, with badge and cap and looks of importance. The business man, unlike his New York brother who rushes to a crowded restaurant, mounts a high stool before a lunch counter and devours with nervous haste the food set before him, the German merchant, I say, arm-in-arm with a business friend, saunters in and out among the festive crowd, and finally enters our own little arbor and takes his seat at a neighboring table. For the time being business is forgotten, and he gives himself up to the leisurely enjoyment of the music, the varied life before him, the simple luncheon of sausage, bread and cheese, and a glass of light wine, while chatting with his friend about some bit of family news or the latest gossip of the court.

(To be continued.)

The church at Chillicothe, Ohio, organized August 12, 1891, now has a new house and parsonage, and is getting on well.

HOW SHALL WE DRESS?

EDITORS PACIFIC: *Boreas, Eurus, etc.*, have disappeared; the snow is gone, the sun smiles as only an Oregon sun can smile, and *crinolines* is seen on our streets! This brings to us women the question, "How shall we dress?" Shall we, who are sensible, God-fearing women, not "butterflies of fashion," but church attendants or members—some of us W. C. T. U. women or engaged in missionary or other philanthropic work—adopt a style which a newspaper calls "ugly, unhealthful, and sometimes positively indecent"? Some years ago crinolines took the country, but that was before the rise of the woman's societies, when women were not as well educated as they are now. Shall we, the enlightened, educated women of our country, helplessly fall into this and other monstrosities in the fashion line simply because a man (let our masculine friends note that!) from Paris so ordains?

To be sure, we may be nettled because these masculine friends, who, some of them, are just as abject slaves of fashion as some women, indulging in cigars, wine, horse-racing, etc. (even the ministers wear "stove-pipe" hats!), ask us this question, or rather assume that we are going to do foolishly. But is not the best way for us to lead them to give up their fashionable vices to give up ours? "Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Spirit," asks Paul, not the pegs on which to display expensive dresses and millinery? "Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?" Many a poor girl has been dragged down to her ruin in her effort to ape the extravagant dress of somebody, mayhap a church member! Can we not devise in this Columbian year a reform costume which shall be universally worn? To do this will not be difficult, if we *unite* in it. The ancient Greek women were the most beautiful the world has ever seen, as their exquisite models preserved from their great artists attest. What was their costume? A short under-tunic perfectly loose, loosely confined at the waist by a cloth girdle when they wished to work or walk as men (for they were expert runners), a flowing mantle coming to the feet, which they threw around them when they sat or stood. Not a muscle of the body was cramped or confined. Some of you doubtless saw the Hindu Pandita Ramabai when she was on this coast; her dress was essentially Greek, and we know how graceful it was. I am wondering why it is that these monstrosities of fashion flourish only in Christian lands! The Chinese woman even, excepting her feet, dresses much more sensibly than do we. Why cannot the following costume be adopted by us women, and then let us stick to it. For this constant change of fashion entails on a woman either spending all her spare time in doing her garments over, or the large expenditure of money, the employment of an army of girls and women in the unhealthful occupation of dress-making, depressing wages, until these poor women are driven to crime to support themselves. I cannot mention all the evils that flow from this constant change of fashion. Dr. Jackson of Dansville, N. Y., says that the majority of the diseases which women suffer from are due to their unsanitary dress. This costume I detail is essentially that advocated by Annie Jenness-Miller. Many women have adopted it. Let them not give it up. Underwear: The union flannel suit—if one cannot afford to buy it ready-made, they can get the material and make it, as patterns are obtainable. An oversuit of cotton flannel in winter, and thin material in summer; the divided skirt made of heavy material for winter, and lighter for summer. This should button to a corset waist which is corded, but has neither whale-bones nor steels. These are in the market. To this the stocking supporters should be buttoned—woolen stockings in winter. A dress out in one piece (a princess), with the skirt at least two inches from the floor. The waist should be loose with some saque effect, so that no one will deem it necessary to cramp the waist, the shoulder-seams high, and loose arm-holes to allow for the full play of the arm muscles; the neck with a ruffle or some perfectly loose arrangement, so as not to cramp the vocal organs. A loose wrap for the summer, and a long, loose cloak for winter. As to the hair, the Grecian knot or twist, or, if curly, let it fall in ringlets. The hat or bonnet simple and artistic, not a steeple or a flower-garden, or decorated with the bodies of poor starved birds; not so high as to make one top-heavy.

If a few leading ladies in each church or community would adopt this costume—sensible, artistic, comfortable, and, of course, beautiful—it would be universally adopted and do more for the advancement of the race than any other one thing. We should thus convince our brothers that we are really prepared to exercise the elective franchise.

PORTLAND, OR., March 2d.

IOLA.